







# STORY OF BOBBIL

(as handed down traditionally through Minstr)

WITH

Summary, Comments and Glossary,

BY

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With a Foreword by

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(Premchand Roychand Student),  
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Nevertheless none of the defenders quitted the rampart or would accept quarter; but each fell advancing against, or struggling with an antagonist; and even when fallen, and even in agony would resign his poignard only to death.—*Orme.*

.....the resistance was so determined that the defenders stabbed their wives and children, and then threw themselves on the bayonets of the French, rather than surrender.—*Malleson*

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*Dedicated  
With profound submission  
though*



*without permission  
to*





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# The Story of Bobbili-

## Foreword

By JADUNATH SARKAR, M. A.,

(Premchand Roychand, Student).

The heart of a people finds expression in the popular ballads and tales. The Indian bard, "squatting under a spreading tamarind tree or some other umbrageous tropical tree, with people collected round him," is their educator, entertainer, and interpreter all in one. From his tale they draw their ethical code, rules of etiquette, and expressions and sentiments appropriate to different situations; his recital, with its intermixture of the grave and the gay, enlivens their life of toil; the culture and faith of his people are reflected in the the bard's narrative.

The songs and tales of the indigenous races of our country are of special importance to students of folk-lore and historians of Indian culture. The classical Sanskrit works represent a highly developed, complex and artificial civilization and society. So, too, the Persian literature of our Mughal period portrays a society in which men are no longer the children of Nature, thought and speech alike are under the vigorous dominion of convention, the cumbrous folds of the dress prevent us from seeing the *real* man.

Therefore, to view the *heart* of our people, we must go to the non-Aryan and non-Islamic races,—to the poorer nay 'depressed' castes, among whom the old order has not entirely disappeared,—who continue in the present day the traditions of the middle ages, nay, of a still earlier past, possibly of the pre-aryan, pre-historic background. For the purposes of such a study the most favourable fields are the debateable land between the Aryan and Mongolian in the extreme north-eastern corner of Bengal, the arid jungly core of the Indian continent (*viz.*, Telingana and Gondwara), and,

the last asylum of the Dravidians in the less advanced districts of Madras, — regions away from the great river-highways and beaten tracks by which age after age the stream of colonists, conquerors, preachers, civilizers has flowed from one end of India to another, and given to the divers people of our land their common Indian character,—community of thought and literary form, sameness of manners and even of dress. It is only in nooks beyond the reach of this ever moving flood of humanity that the older faiths, the older manners, and may be fragments of the older speeches, still linger.

Mr. M. N. Venkataswami has here reproduced the Story of the foundation and sack of Bobbili as narrated to him by a wandering Telugu minstrel more than forty years ago. The Central Provinces were then undeveloped; Nagpur was far away from the railway. The Telugu colonists who had come to the newly opened province in the wake of the English, welcomed the minstrel (Dundadasari) who had brought with himself a breath of the dear land of temples and palm trees, who revived the memories of heroes familiar in the nursery tales of the Vanaparathi country. The writer's father, Mr. Nagloo, was a worthy man of the good old type: a leader and guardian of his caste people, a friend of the needy and a host of open-handed hospitality. The tale of Bobbili as told in Mr. Nagloo's house at Nagpur left a deep impression on the mind of young Venkataswami, and "this led him to be interested in the field of bardic lore subsequently, so as to [make him] give a gleanings therefrom in the present book."

In preserving this tale, Mr. Venkataswami has done us a distinct service. The story, though relating to 1757 A. D., is a vivid picture of ancient manners and its characters truly belong to the epic age. Witness the choice of Achilles given on page 81. If the reader will make due allowances for the differences of creed and race, he will every now and then be reminded of Homer by our bard's phrases, literary turns and even sentiments. In the *Story of Bobbili* we have the same Homeric prolixity that marks Edmund Spenser's *Fairy Queene*, the same minuteness of detail which characterises the Greek epic and the English ballad of chivalry. The homeric figures of the South Indian tale are cast in the same mould as those who besieged Troy divine, or gave to India's desert province, the name of *the Land of Kings' sons*.

The Bairi Komati women of Bobbili were true sisters of the Lotus Queen who has hallowed the very dust of Chitor.

Our story-teller's character-painting is done in bold, if primitive touches, and with dramatic appropriateness of speech. Each of the personages leaves his own peculiar impress on our mind; we feel that none of them is a shadowy creation of a racked literary imagination or a colourless production of one type. Mr. Venkataswami has scrupulously preserved the old phraseology, the crude oaths and threats, the pious ejaculations amidst speeches,—so vividly suggestive of the dramatic narrator under the tamarind tree—the frequent repetitions, the quaint imagery, the pithy sayings which clunch a paragraph, as he heard them from his minstrels. These features will distinctly enhance the value of the *Story* to students of Indian thought. They may repel the general reader; but, if so, that lazy person will have lost a good treat. To one who is not deterred by the mere externals of a piece, the *Story of Bobbili* does not lack a charm and pathos of its own, quite apart from its value as a picture of ancient manners. It is a very interesting 'human-document.'

Years ago I had urged Mr. Venkataswami to turn his opportunities to good account by rescuing from ever increasing decay and oblivion the genuine people's stories of the Southern lands; and I am glad that he has chosen to tread this very important, but alas! too often neglected walk of literature. His difficulties and discouragements must have been many. English is a foreign tongue to us, and yet circumstances force us to use it as our literary medium. The printer, in addition, has murdered the book. But in spite of all its outward blemishes, the *Story of Bobbili* deserves well of the lovers of folk-lore and historians of Indian civilisation.

By means of his notes (called 'Comments') epitome and Glossary, he has rendered every necessary assistance to the reader and brought in authentic history and modern topography to elucidate his narrative, so that even the critical historian will have no occasion to cavil at the *Story* as a mere story.

PATNA COLLEGE. }  
14th December 1912. }



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## Preface.

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As stated in the preface to a book of folk-stories about to be published, India is the home of the Fable, the home of the Drama, though it had not kept historical records, and the only historical book that is known is the Rajatarangini or the Chronicles of the Kings of Kashmir, yet several parts of the country maintained the history of their kings traditionally through bards appointed at the royal courts side by side with the less important personage known as the buffoon and jester; to prove the statement, it may be stated that Lieut.-Col Tod, the author of the "Annals of Rajisthan," for the subject-matter for his immortal work, had drawn largely on these bards or from their narrations,

India is a very large country extending from the sublime Himalayas in the north to Cape Comorin, or correctly the Cape that bears the adorable name of the Rajputni Krishna Coomari, from the blue Indian Ocean in the west to the briny Arabian Sea in the east. She had anciently 64 kingdoms though many of them do not survive, yet many arose afresh; and there is no doubt that bards are still singing in the various vernaculars of the exploits of the kings or events of their reign in the various large towns or cities which were the capitals of the kingdoms now extinct, or are the capitals of kingdoms surviving to this day, or kingdoms newly arisen. From personal knowledge we may set down that the bard is not a defunct megastherium, but a biped living or surviving, singing in the Nagpore country, or more correctly in the metropolis (Nagpore), the exploits of the Nagpore kings, posting himself up to date to some extent as is clear by the singing of the lines anent the advent of the English.

Angraze Bahadur badai door sai ayni  
Jamadiyai badai badai tannai\*;

or singing of the exploits of the Kings of Golconda, of the exploits

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\* The valiant English have come from remote distance and set up big, very big, settlements (Translation.)

of the Rajahs of Bobbili of which much hereafter. And there might be narratives, from the bard's mouths, of episodes in a king's reign transmitted to writing on palm leaves and lying dormant in a monastery, or held in custody by an old Brahmanic family. The field of such stories, which may be termed bardic, appears to be a large one, and what a wealth there is before us to be garnered; and it should be the work of a future society, on lines similar to the Folk-lore Society of London, to collect and save these bardic stories from being irretrievably lost, and this is work extending for years.

The position of a bard—a term used loosely here for want of a word to express men of the stamp who produced Prithwi Rajah's Rasau or Rasmala, (Hindoo annals of Gujrat)—rather of the man who narrated the annals, say, of Prithwi Raja, is a very enviable one in times, at any rate, remote from the present but the personage might not necessarily be a poet of a rare order or be born as such, or be versed in poetry reaching the climax of singing in *extempore*, yet it was expected of him that he should be able to recite verses on religious or auspicious occasions (answering to the status of an English Poet-laureate in a way) in the Prakrit tongue, if not in the India's sonorous tongue of which he might not be a master, being satisfied with a mere reading and scant understanding of the great classical poet of India, Valmiki (whose numbers still enthral the world and are still requisite in the formation of young India's character) but above all he should be the annalist of the times, being able to narrate for his royal master's behoof the stories of the kings as handed down by bards that preceded him, with additions of his own composing, of accounts of the last reign or immediate one, in the vernacular with couplets here and there in the Mother of Tongues by way of heightening an effect or adding beauty.

The narrations are not histories, pure and simple, but are stories combined with truths and untruths, and devoid of dates to boot, yet they may go a long way to piece together the history of India—the blank portions of course—aided on by the rock edicts of the Buddhist Emperors of the Mauryan dynasty, and informations obtained from copper plates and researches of honorary archæologists who, as a body should rise as a matter of

course, in every place to serve the mother India to give her history in a connected form. It is stated that the stories are regular combinations of truths and untruths, and there could be nothing farther from the truth: the stories really breathe of romance opposed to sturdy facts as in history; there would appear a regular falling off in merit in the stories, as they would seem to have been composed to suit the tastes of all people or the populace, the pathos and humour, in a hap-hazard manner, forming a large part and the narrator has now become peripatetic or itinerant, wandering from place to place circumscribed by the limits of his country, and hence fitted to be called a minstrel as distinguished from the honoured name of a bard of a royal court. His qualifications also have now become poor. He stands as a narrator, pure and simple, of stories, soaring not high to compose stories himself, possessing, as he does, a defective education or no education at all, yet he is a powerful narrator with a large fund of unfailing humour, telling the stories in a sing-song tone and explaining, his wife or an elderly female relative or his younger brother playing on a harp-like instrument, and holding the men sitting before him spell-bound. At one time, in the course of his story, he would rise high describing a scene of exceptional grandeur, at another time his voice falls to describe a sorrowful scene; once he becomes spirited to describe a war scene, at another time he breaks into a rapture to describe a laughable incident. He is as ready to create laughter, as he is to create sorrow; and Mark Twain's humour would be as dry-as-dust before this powerful unlettered minstrel. It is a rare pleasure to listen to him for 5 or 6 hours sitting on a comfortable chair after midday meals. The miustrels though poor are interesting folks. They would be seen in large towns and cities in the Southern country including His Highness the Nizam's Dominions, squatting themselves under a spreading Tamarind tree or some other umbrageous tropical tree, and people collected round them with their faces towards them, some sitting, some standing, some shedding briny tears or exuberantly laughing evoked by the pathetic or frolicsome portions of the story; a large portion listen to the whole narrative with rivetted attention and staying to the end hearing the singing of the epithalamium, while others listen to a portion and go away on duty or at business' call, but invariably almost all throw a copper

to the poor minstrels. These collections aggregate to Rs. 2 in the maximum or Re. 1 in the minimum and goes to feed and clothe the minstrel, his wife and other members of his family but by no means in a comfortable manner or in a manner that one would wish.

As stated already, minstrels either of Mahratta or Rajput origin, singing the exploits of the Nagpore kings abound in Nagpore and in other parts of that country. Minstrels of Telugu origin under various appellations such as Bhatrajuloo, Dandadasari abound in the various parts of the Deccan country or His Highness the Lieutenant General Sir Mahbub Ali Khan's Dominions (including Hyderabad of course) singing the exploits of the Telugu kings; and one section of the minstrels, powerful narrators, hail in numbers from the Vanaparathi country which, and Gudwal State appear to be the cradle of that singer. Peripatetic by nature and peripatecy limited to his country alone, yet one of the minstrels, a Dandadasari, a brave soul ventures, trudging the long distance from Golconda of nursery and legend (the modern Hyderabad) to the Bhonsla capital of Nagpore, untapped by Railway and over communications far from good and dangerous besides, being infected by robbers, a maimed notorious of whom, Congala Mullai by name, sat on the top of the Nirmal ghat with a view to give signal to the pack hiding in the glen on the approach of men and carts. In that part of the Central Provinces where he is a *rara avis*, the minstrel is welcomed with pleasure by the Telugu speaking people and patronized beyond his expectations, his narrations are listened to with great attention combined with pleasure by the old as well as by the young. The writer of these pages remembers having listened to such a *rara avis* in that country of his birth many many years ago when he was a child and his memory retaining the impressions of it with a child's tenacity; and perhaps this leading him to be interested in the field of bardic lore subsequently so as to give a gleanings therefrom which is comprised in the present book.

India, though now enjoying Pax Britannica from one end to the other, could not be said to be at peace in past old times (excepting the Regveda times and the times of the old Rishis living in the finest and wildest solitudes and hard by magnificent rivers of

crystal water and composing the Indian philosophy which has nothing to equal it in the whole range of world's philosophical literature, and even at these brilliant times, a thought strikes us, that India could not have been at peace for the Aryans were engaged in driving the original inhabitants\* higher up the uplands and themselves becoming possessors of the fine fertile lands and sub-mountain regions), for it was warring not with outside aggressors but with one another. To be clear, one neighbouring king fought with another on the most trivial points, such as the breach of an unimportant social etiquette or the non-observance of some punctiliousness and cut each other's throats, their people the subjects in consequence falling in numbers as if a compact was entered into to set no value on life. Outside aggressors also did appear in the Mohamedans and committed much harm if little good. India had its stormiest periods during the Mohamedan invasion of the country and poor India because of its varied wealth, because of its beautiful women and because of its conservative religion suffered much. It cannot be said to be tranquil even in the centuries nearing ours. In the 18th century and at the onset it was dragged into the Carnatic wars. Two forces from beyond the seas, the French and the English, struggled with each other trying to settle here and the result, for the good of the Indian races, was, that the latter had come to stay.

The statement was made on page 10 of the present writer's *Father's Life* (Life of M. Nagloo published by G. Kusal Doss, Hyderabad Deccan 1908). 'The quaint Indian bard (now merged into a minstrel as explained above) chants the story of Lally and Bussy's determination to plant at the point of their sword the standard of their nations in Southern India, the main interest of the theme being centred in the siege of Bobbili' and this is fallacious in the manner that, in the story of Bobbili which a powerful minstrel from the Vanaparathi country narrated, the determination of the French Generals already named is nowhere exhibited. This the graceful pen of Orme, however does, though the ever memorable siege of Bobbili, which the bardic story treats of

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\* These, as Gustave Opperts conclusively proves, are no other than what are known at present as the Depressed Classes of India, which form a very large proportion of Indian population.

under the name 'Story of Bobbili,' and which is the subject matter of this little book, has, however, an independent interest of its own; in which the sagacious French General Bussy, however, plays an inglorious part, being inveigled into the bargain of reducing Bobbili beautiful by the crafty minds, Vijayarama Raj, Hyder Jung and Dubash Lakshminah, Lally-Tollendal with all his faults, we should do him the credit to state that he had no share in the shameful transaction. The confusion of that statement in the Biography, it may be stated, though this preface has nothing to do with it, has arisen owing to the writer having heard the story at an impressionable age and childhood's tenacious memory retaining an impression of it, corrected now though by going through the works of that gifted and graceful historian of the Carnatic struggles, which, despite their poulderousness, are racy throughout, being induced to it to illustrate our historic story or rather to find out truths and untruths thereof, and thus was dragged into the interesting arena of Bobbili story and history making us go, *nolens volens*, through articles on the subject in the various encyclopaedias, manuals and magazines as also going through a Telugu History of Bobbili written by the present enlightened and cultured Ruler of the State himself.

We stated that we had been dragged into Bobbilian history, but before taking up of the history for treatment in as succinct a manner as possible confining ourselves to the barest limits of mentioning the names of the rulers, their characters, the period of rule, and the events of the *regime*, let us now first speak of the Bobbili country and of its beginning.

Bobbili is the largest Zamindari estate of the Viziagapatam district of Madras Presidency, as also one of the most ancient Zamindaris of India having been created more than two centuries and half ago. It has on all its sides the British Talukas of Chipurpalle, Gajapati Naggaram, Saloor, Parwatipooram, Palconda and Chicacole forming as it were its boundaries. The estate, which comprises 4 pergannahs, Bobbili, Rajam, Cavita and Seetanagaram, spreads along the foot of the western ghats extending across the plain irrigated by the Nagavelli river. The country is nothing but an expansive level land extensively cultivated.

The capital Bobbili Lat.  $18^{\circ} 34'$ . Long  $18^{\circ} 25'$  is a picturesque place, with its gardens, its temples, its buildings and the modern institutions such as schools, hospitals, orphanages, etc., (all owing their existence to the present aesthetic enlightened Ruler) to quote an expression of the story, it is as beautiful as a *ruila* in flower, as pretty as a *pullara*, in blossom, with its population of 17387 souls (the foremost of them, the heroic Vellama we must not forget) in prosperity and contentment, taxes lightly falling upon them, the considerate Maharaja causing large portions of them to be remitted to the agricultural population from time to time. The old fortress where was fought the memorable battle of 1757 is still there in ruins shimmering in the sun. The monumental pillar of Paupa Rao is also there, showing an instance of dramatic irony—the Tiger of Bobbili killing Vijayarama Raj the vindictive enemy of Vellama greatness and bravery, of men and women of those times, second to none in excellence and bravery, and himself sacrificing his life in addition to the lives of the brave souls from the ruler to the ruled, from the sterner to the gentler sex, laid down in defence of their country. Bobbili is 544 miles from Calcutta by the Bengal-Nagpur Railway and 557 miles from Madras by the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway.

The origin of the Zamindari was on this wise, that when the Nawab Sher Mahomed Khan the first Foujdar or Military Governor of Chicacole under the Kutab Shahi dynasty of Golconda entered the countries, Peddarayudu Bahadur, the progenitor of the present Bobbili house was in his train, and for the services rendered in the wars of those times, was rewarded by the Padi-shah with Rajam, the title of Raja Bahadur, moreover, was conferred upon him and the marks of Kingship, displaying of white banner, blowing of the big horn, and the beating of kettle-drum were privileged to make use of.

Bobbili, from the beginning down to the present times, witnessed 11 Rulers each Ruler (including the present one) ruling on the average 23 years.

I.—Peddyrajudu Bahadur—the Founder does not appear to have ruled but transferred his principality to his son Lingappa Rayudu (who also accompanied him in the train of the Nawab of



Chicacoley and left for Venkataghiri to succeed his father the ruler thereof having departed this life.

II.—Lingappa Runga Rao Bahadur—ruled the State and was as conspicuous as his father for bravery. On the occasion of a notorious rebel in Palas in the Ganjam district having carried off the Nawab Sher Mohamed Khan's son during the Nawab's hunting expedition, and his cavalry not penetrating through the dense bamboo forests, he called in the aid of the above Rajah Bahadur, who at once taking his strong men went to Rungawakum where lodged the rebel, defeated him in one single day, and bringing away the Nawab's son sent him on to the sorrowful father. For the help thus rendered and the prowess displayed, the Nawab recommended the case to the Moghul-Emperor and got the reward for Lingappa Runga Rao Bahadur of 12 villages—which formed the nucleus of the Bobbili State—which he was able to festoon in one night, according to the condition, to make them his own, as also obtained the patent to add on to his name the title of "Runga Rao," after the success obtained in Rungawakum in capturing the Rebel.

The Fort of Bobbili was built by Lingappa Runga Rao and was named after the Nawab whose patronymic, "Sher" has the same meaning in the Urdu language as the word Bebbili (Bobbili) has in the Telugu meaning namely *a tiger*, a full grown one or of the type known as the Bengal tiger.

III.—Raja Vengal Runga Rao Bahadur—ruled the State in a marked manner, and being of a charitable and religious disposition, he made presents of *agrarharas* (lodges) to brahmins, and caused tanks to be dug and temples to be built.

IV.—Raja Rungapathi Runga Rao Bahadur—was of an extreme charitable and religious bent of mind: he went on a pilgrimage to the South India temples of Sreerungum, etc.

V.—Raja Rayadappa Runga Rao Bahadur—ruled the State with ability and judiciousness.

VI.—Raja Gopala Kristna Runga Rao Bahadur—is the great-

est and grandest figure of Bobbili-history; and it is during his rule occurred the Great Bobbili war.

VII.—Raja Venkata Ranga Rao Bahadur *alias* Chinna Runga Rao, son to the preceding—ruled the State from 1794 to 1801. He caused the old fort to be built, which is one mile distant from the memorable fort of Bobbili where was fought the famous battle:—some portions of the fort such as the audience Hall, the little mansion and the women's apartments—Anantapuram—and compound wall connecting them are in a perfect state of preservation even to this day. He also constructed large tanks, laid out large gardens and presented large and small lodges (*agharas*). During his minority his paternal uncle Vengal Rao ruled the State with conspicuous ability.

VIII.—Raja Rayadappa Runga Rao Bahadur—ruled the State from 1802 to 1830. Like the ruler of Bobbili who preceded him he was charitable and religious. He caused grants of money to be given to the lame, the maimed and to such of those who could not earn a living because of natural defects: the institution fulfilling the objects of the founder, continues to the present day. He evinced a feeling for the lives of lower animals by abstaining himself from animal-food for which he is extolled in Telugu verse. He laid the foundations of a temple in honour of Venugopaul-swami, he did not, however, live to see it completed.

IX.—Raja Sweta Chalpathi Runga Rao Bahadur—ruled the State from 1830 to 1862. He largely endowed temples, constructed tanks and planted gardens; and during a rebellion in Ganjam in 1832 he rendered services to the British by capturing the Rebel Venkatrayudu and handing him over to Mr. Russell the Collector.

X.—Raja Seetaramkristna Rayadappa Runga Rao Bahadur—ruled the State from 1863 to 1868. He is the first to establish Anglo-Vernacular schools in the State. On his death in 1868 his Rani Chalaya ammah sat on the *dais* and administered the State, and proved herself as good a Ruler as her deceased husband, showing her large-heartedness and sympathies which went even beyond the limits of her landlocked principality, as she gave a

munificent sum of 50,000 rupees to the Bengal sufferers of the Famine in 1873. She built the new Fort of Bobbili.

XI—Maharaja Sir Venkata Sweta Chalpathi Runga Rao, G. C. I. E., the present Ruler of the State ascended the *gadi* in 1872. He is the most enlightened Ruler, his subjects having been greatly benefitted by his rule in various ways. He is a man of great culture besides being a writer of a book of his State from the foundations, he sat as a Member on the Madras Governor's Council—He is public-spirited, having given a munificent sum of Rs. 20,000 for a memorial in his State to perpetuate the memory of Empress Victoria of blessed memory. He travelled through the length and breadth of this Aryavarta as also on the continent of Europe. The Maharaja Bahadur has a salute of 21 guns.

After taking up of the story it was thought proper to dissect or unravel the story *here* despite the critic might say that that was not logically scholarly or relevant to be permitted in a preface, but the original intention was abandoned or could not be adhered to. The dissection or unravelling, though done, finds a place however, under the heading 'Comments' at the end of the story\* for it exceeded the length that we wanted to appropriate to it in the preface: be it anywhere, there would appear ample justification for it; for it would not be well to permit inaccuracies of statements to stand in glaring contradiction of facts making the generations coming after us to accept the story as "all true" or put the question in a sardonic grin: "Is it true? and if so, how far?" and obtain the reply in the negative or obtain it after labour and pains which, in several cases, the busy student or reader might loth to give for reasons his own. The dissection is in the shape of giving portraits of the men in the story with analyses of working of their minds, grouping round them their objects and aims, explaining away truths propounded in the story under their several characters with great plausibility of reasoning, or setting truth in a proper light or with reference to historical correctness.

An account of the minstrel was already given but not of the manner of his introduction of the story. Before requesting

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\*(Arrangement of the text being—Introduction, Preface, Summary of the Story, The Story, the Unravelling of the Story or Comments, Glossary.)

his listeners to rivet their attention to what he was going to tell, he would, with reverence unsullied with levity and in the sonorous sounds of the Sanskrit tongue, first of all, invoke God under their various appellations, Srihari, Sri Raghupati Nandana, Ramchandra Raghurama, then invoke Ganesa, the God of Hosts and son of Saraswati Devi the Goddess of learning, and then again invoke Queen Pakuta or Adi Sakti the Great (cosmic) Energy who is said to exist at the beginning of things, the First Cause or the Primordial Being of the philosophers. The invoking is in keeping with the Hindu mind which is, with reference to almost everything, is always steeped in religion; for do we not see, that before embarking in a new venture as giving a dramatic representation to the public, *inter alia*, the Hindu would, with a view to avoid accidents, or mishaps tending to break up an assembly formed for being amused, invoke Ganpati, and did not the Reader, to quote an instance, when sat of a night in the pandal of an Indian Dramatic Company to witness a piece, observe that all of a sudden the curtain arise before him and Ganesa (personation of course) appear on the stage on his carrier the peacock, and ascertain from the Sutradar (Manager of the play) the cause of his being invoked and deign to promise that no accidents would befall to mar the object that the Company had set before itself. Now a few words with reference to the story. It must have been woven soon after the happening of events in Bobbili, but in course of time while being handed down traditionally from generation to generation without being committed to writing, flaws of sorts must have become part and parcel of the theme, nevertheless the story is a fine one much better than the Telugu story of Bobbili (Bobbili Raju Katha) which, to the writer's mind, seem to be an inferior production; a second-rate book, interspersed with Brahminical legends. There would appear to exist literature in the Telugu language, both prose and poetry not voluminous though, relating to Bobbili and let the brilliant Sir Sweta Chalpathi Runga Rao Bahadur, the lover and patronizer of literature, cause some of the books to be translated, and probably there may be found among them a work of high merits to replace the present story taken down from the very lips of the common strolling minstrel; and under such a contingency the writer will seek umbrage in the fact that he hails from the Mahratta country, Nagpoor, the capital of the Central Provinces, the cradle of the Nagpoor Mahratta race, where he has

been brought up, received education and took up the Mahratti language as his second language for his examinations, though Telugu is his mother tongue ; and people might say he was not guided wisely to have taken up the minstrel's story which, it might be alleged, was not a good one to have been Englished at all, yet he ventures to think he will hold the palm till such time that a better story with the hoary mark of age comes to be presented to the public ; and, as he writes, intuition tells him that he will hold the palm for all time for the labour bestowed on the story these 2 years and a half, not so much in translating as in 'unravelling' or rather pursuing processes in unravelling the story, and the results of these processes, the denouement, as has been already stated, placed under the heading 'Comments' at the end of the story for the Readers's perusal.

The book is dedicated (with profound submission though without permission, as obtaining permission involves time and further delay in publication) to the Most Illustrious Three, or, as the pictures on the dedicatory page shows, to H.I.H. George V, Emperor of India, H. H. Sir Mahbub Ali Khan Bahadur, the Ruler of the Deccan and Maharaja Sir Venkata Sweta Chalpathi Runga Rao Bahadur, the Ruler of Bobbili. That the dedication should be to the Emperor of English nation, to a Mohamedan Padishah and to a Hindu Maharajah, would seem strange, but there should be no strangeness about it; for the English restored the old lands belonging to Bobbili to the Ruler thereof in the early part of 19th century, the Mohamedan Padishah or one of his ancestors placed the offspring of Lord Runga Rao on the *dais* of Bobbili in the latter part of the 18th century, and hence both of them are entitled to the dedication as much as the present Maharajah of Bobbili whose state affairs at one particular or critical period this book is principally concerned about. The suzerain, the Lord of the Overseas, is in Great Britain of which he is King and the vassals the Nizam and the Maharajah are in India ruling their respective States of Hyderabad and Bobbili, but where is the *entente cordiale* between these two enlightened rulers? This the writer fails to find. There had been visits of several Maharajas from Rajasthan and other States to this Premier State of the kings of Golconda of old but not that of the Ruler of Bobbili. The writer still sees the *Tura*—the insignia of greatness conferred by a Mohamedan

king of the Kutab Shahi dynasty on the brow of His Highness Sir Sweta Chalpathi Venkata Runga Rao Bahadur, but where is His Highness Sir Mahbub Ali Khan\* Bahadur's *entente cordiale* to one who was a vassal of his ancestors and who, by his large heartedness, by his liberality, by a wise administration of his State, and by his possessing a number of lovable private virtues had come to be on a level with him? Where is the *entente cordiale* to such a one? There should be no time lost in bringing together these two enlightened Rulers to exchange views. Is this not a consummation to be wished? Then what consummation is to be wished? Probably staying in a landlocked bay† up to the neck in conservatism, liberalism (in the best sense of the word of course), which is the order of the day, forming no part, is a consummation, which is no doubt, a cynic would devoutly wish for.

Complete though the above preface is, and not a single word can be added to it, I cannot permit this book to be presented to the world without one word of acknowledgment of help received. In other words, it must be stated that my thanks are due to authors and contributors to journals, European and Indian, living and dead, for making use of their labours in connection with the Bobbili history or to elucidate the story in the form of Comments. My thanks are due to His Highness, The Maharaja of Bobbili, for letting me have his photo, for preparing a block therefrom. My thanks are also due to Messrs. Cheekotee Veerannah & Sons, the

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\* Now read Sir Oosman Ali Khan, as the most generous and kind-hearted of Nizams, Sir Mahbub, gone the way of all flesh, as we were giving finishing touches to this book.

† Such is the configuration of Bobbili while the Deccan country including Hyderabad is hilly, precluding one, as it were, from entering it. In fact, from the hills and rocks abounding on all sides of the country with unrestrained nature's free-will and choice, the geologists including Dr. Syed Ali Bilgrami, have come to hold the view (from a geological stand point, of course) that the country must have been a vast lake at one of the geological epochs, the upheaval, from subterranean fires or internal forces must have taken place in later geological times. And Mr. Farrell, the District Engineer, P. W. D., observing the rocky formation of the Nalgonda District in His Highness' the Nizam's Dominions in general and Bhonghir Tahsil of it in special, advanced the theory that the rocks are of volcanic origin, but it does not appear that they are of such origin though there is no doubt that the rocky configuration is to be attributable to the upheaval from natural disturbances of untold geological times, that, as already stated geologists took note of and explained.

Proprietors of the Subotha Press, for the loan of the blocks of H. I. M. George V, and H. H. Mahbub Ali Khan and for printing the book in a pretty good manner with the exception of one flagrant breach in making use of inferior flimsy paper, commercially known as the "40 lbs." which, with the bad hot-press, marred the prospect of the book. My thanks are also due to Mr. R. Gwillim formerly of Gallagher's Press, an exemplary proof-reader and life and soul of the Press, for being so interested as to correct in a commendable manner the proofs side by side with the originals (the writing of which, though not the "Civil Service" is considered in some quarters as crabbed), and to get the book ready amidst other multifarious printing works in 6 months, whereas (Mr. Kushaldoss took 2 years to print the previous book, ('Life of M. Nagloo') for me; and this with a few typographical errors, glaring examples of which, though due to the compositors and rightly called printers devils, are considered in some quarters as veritable mistakes to be laid at the author's door. In fact, Mr. Gwillim's interest in the Bobbili story is said to be such, that in the intervals allowed for midday meals at 1 o'clock, he would from day to day repair to a tropical shadowy bower in the fine little garden belonging to the Proprietors of the Press hard by the Press-premises and relate graphically or in a realistic manner to the compositors, pressmen and the staff who accompanied him, that portion of the story proofs of which had passed through his hands.

With these words. I commend you Book, kindly Book, (who had been as a darling child of mine dandling at my knees for nearly one third of a decade) into the hands of Reader and Reviewer with no misgivings whatever, despite the faults of punctuation, language, etc. Go and achieve success if you can; for that eccentric master of prose (Goldsmith) of imperishable memory has assured :

**A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity.**

**The reputation of books is raised not from their freedom from defects but the greatness of their beauties.**

THE RETREAT,  
Hyderabad Deccan,  
29th August 1977. }

M. N. VENKATASWAMI.

## Summary of the Story.

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Vijayarama Raj ruled over Pooseepad in the Korekonda country. He paid tribute, his own as also of the subordinate Chiefs to the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, King of Golconda, who, in consequence, held him in high esteem and gave valuable presents. Being thus in the good graces of the Lord-paramount, Vijayarama Raj was happy, ruling over his lands.

Contemporary with Vijayarama Raj was Rama Raja who reigned in Rajamahendrawaram from whom descended Runga Rao and Vengal Rao. On one occasion these two Vellama lords set out on an hunting expedition, accompanied by their brothers-in-law Paupa Rao and Dharma Rao, and entered Sber land, and obtaining permission from Vijayarama Raj and sending for moneys and men from Rajamahendrawaram, built a fort called the Bobbili fort, built temples sacred to Runganathswami, sacred to Golden Mysamma and to Hanumant Rayudu; built houses for Vellamas, Telagas and Komaties; built palaces for Bangari Nayudu of Venkataghiri and Jambool Nayudu of Madhugiri; built a bungalow for Runga Rao and a palace for Paupa Rao; built a coloured court inlaid with gems; built dwelling-houses for the various sects such as the cowherds, Muthuras cowherds, Karna cowherds, and Kamati cowherds and Gumpasaiti Telagas.

Thus studded with a fort, temples, palaces and buildings and dwelling-houses, Bobbili looked superb, looked like a *Pallaira* in flower, like a *Raila* in bloom, to which the fashionable among the increasing population, added further pleasure and joy by rearing the *Koel* and *Raj-hansa* birds. Though the country was small, its fame, however, was wide-spread; and this was attributed to the four *Rajamanya* lords. Moreover, it had not the lest apprehension of danger. Lord Runga Rao of consummate ability was at the head of affairs. And there was, besides, the carnivorous lion Paupa Rao; there were the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas; there were the knights-chevalier in the prime of youth



or full manhood, there was Chirkar Venkanna of 300 horse, there was the King's Messenger of 600 horse, there was Patalapu (foot-force Chief) Ramanna half as brave as Paupa Rao; there was Indla Ramajogi Master of Lancers; there was Jatoola Veerannah, Fencing master, there was Coomar (potter) Nagoji, Boxing-master, and lastly there was Madhulaiti of Bhoyi caste, master of cock-fighting.

Lord Runga Rao ruled for six years with great ability, and then abdicated the throne in favour of his nephew Tandra Paupiah (Paupa Rao) deeming him a fit person on the grounds of his bravery and personality to hold the exalted position of the Ruler of Bobbili. Tandra Paupiah (Paupa Rao) ruled over Bobbili for six and three, nine years, but during the regime of his, sent no tribute even a broken cowrie to Pooseepad for being remitted to the Lord-paramount, the King Nizam of Golconda. On Vijayarama Raj's sending a despatch with a courier demanding it, he sent a reply that he had not the tribute-money, but if Vijayarama Raj was bent upon having it, he might come into Bobbili fort with twelve dust or Municipal carts and return after loading them with *Arka* grass and flat stones surrounding the fort of which there was no want. Concurrent with the reply, he issued a mandate to the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas to hold themselves in readiness to go to the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda; and soon after, he set out with these stalwarts, and reaching the hillocks of Saidabad skirting Golconda ordered the kettle-drums to be sounded. Lord Nizam hearing the sounds, sent Hyder Jung to ascertain who had come. He went, ascertained, and informed the Golconda-Lord, His Highness the Nizam that tribute-money was brought from the Bobbili fort by its Ruler. His Highness reflecting, enquired why he (the Ruler) had brought the tribute; and there being no precedent for him to bring it ordered him begone but, on an after thought, invited him to come over. Paupa Rao, after exchange of salutations informed the Lord-paramount the errand on which he had come. The King of Golconda, at first, refused to accept the tribute-money, but observing his fiery bent of mind and coming to know of his estrangement from Vijayarama Raj, he accepted it and dismissed him with presents and every mark of royal favour.

Duly, Paupa Rao set out with his force from Golconda, and on reaching Sher land, left the Lord-paramount's presents there, and came away to Bobbili.

Vijayarama Raj hearing of Paupa Rao having placed in his own country the presents which he received at the Court of Golconda where he had been to pay tribute-money to the Lord-paramount, his anger knew no bounds. He expressed his sentiments in fearful language, and concluding that the Bobbilians should be made to feel their position, he cut off their water-supply taking care to put a force of 300 men on the Black tank and, at the same time deputing Anand Rao and Narsing Rao, the nephews, for work there with strict injunctions to see that no water is taken therefrom.

The result of stoppage of water was soon apparent in the Bobbili fortress. The King's-messenger coming to the temple of Gopalaswami to worship, found no water in the sacred tank, found no water in the low-depth ponds nor in the perennial limpid, ponds, owing to which the sugarcane fields, *Shama* vegetable fields and betel-leaf cultivation were all said to be languishing; and he soon coming to Patalapu Ramannah, reported this state of affairs, adducing as his reason, that there was some mystery at bottom. Disbelieving that there could be any mystery whatsoever except temporary interruption owing probably either to the blocking of passage by clods of earth falling from raised embankment or by a buffalo lying dead across the passage. Patalapu Ramannah and the King's Messenger set out by the side of the canal (channel-way) to probe into the matter, and nothing was perceived till they came to the end of the canal; when turning an angle, they found that from two to three hundred men were guarding the black tank with the Kamma\* Rajah's nephews Ananda Rao and Narsing Rao at the head of affairs. They took in the situation at once, and speaking between themselves, that a strife had now come to exist between Pooseepad and Bobbili, that the faults were theirs (Bobbili's and its subjects) and that it was by submissive language they should get the water-supply, they approached Ananda Rao and Narsing Rao with importunities and

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NOTE—\* It is not known why Vijayarama Raj was styled a Kamma in the story. The House claims a Rajput origin.

expostulations, and meeting their harsh questions with soft answers, they repeatedly begged that the water-supply might be vouchsafed to them, but Annada Rao and Narsing Rao gave them rebuffs and rebukes by way of answer to their humble solicitations and bade them begone or else they would put them under guard.

On the mention of the Bobbili men being put under guard, Patalapu Ramannah was aroused and exclaimed in all ferociousness : ' Who is that charlatan who gave vent to our being put under guard, who is that rascal, who had said so? I would spear Vijayarama Raj's nephews.' Upon which the young men being dire afraid, called for a horse, and both mounting him despite the absence of saddle and bridle, fled for life, crying out, however, while fleeing, that the Bobbili men should be put under guard, and immediately the guards of the various nationalities in their service surrounded them.

The Bobbili Vellamas could not put up with the humiliation : both Patalapu Ramannah and Chilkal Venkannah jumped into the midst of Pooseepad men, and exclaiming, ' Praise be unto Govinda ' Praise be unto Govinda,' fought with great enthusiasm, strength, and wild courage for 3 *gadiyas* ; and then opening the closed up water-supplies, returned to Bobbili and presented themselves at the Royal Court.

Paupa Rao, on seeing blood marks on Patalapu Rammannah's face, enquired as to where he had been, and he confessed : ' Sir certain things had been done without your commands : that when Chilkal Venkannah had been to the God's temple, and finding no water in the sacred tank he came to me and informed of the state of things; so we conjointly, with a view to find out what the mystery was, set out by the canal way and found there was nothing up to the starting point of the canal, but when we turned an angle and came upon the Black tank, we found that it was guarded by 300 men with Vijayarama Raj's nephews Ananda Rao and Narsing Rao at the head of affairs, and knowing that strife existed between the kings, which was the cause of the water-supply being cut off, we beforehand advised ourselves that we were to submit even if they abused, and approached Anand Rao and Narsing Rao humbly, and begged of them to give us our water

supply ; and though they made use of vile expressions we kept quiet, except repeating our humble request that the water supply might be vouchsafed unto us. But they went on using vituperative language, and bade us begone with the kind words they thought they had made use so far towards us, otherwise they would be compelled to put us under guard : the words that they have expressed that they would put us under guard, put us out and aroused us immensely, and we jumped into the midst of their men, fought a bloody fight, making 300 women widows and opening the water-communication came away.'

Paupa Rao, for what had been done by his men without his commands, instead of censuring them, or vetoing their action, applauded it, concluding that they could have done much better had they jumped into Pooseepad the land of Vijayarama Raj and killed the Rajah on the throne.

Now Anand Rao, escaping with his brother Narasing Rao from the hands of the irate Bobbilians, came to Vijayarama Raj their uncle, and spoke unto him, "Sir, Patalapu Ramannah and Chilkal Venkannah, the sirdars (warriors) of Bobbili, came unto us and expostulated with us for supply of water being continued unto them as hitherto, and we made use of harsh expressions as to arouse their ire, but they went on expostulating without taking it ill, but when we said that, if they wouldn't go, after our treatment of them fairly well so far, we would be under the necessity of putting them under guard their anger was aroused : they jumped into the midst of our force, fought a bloody fight, and exterminated our three hundred men.

On hearing these words Vijayarama Raj "burned like fire" and exclaimed in the height of his arrogance and pride that he would not permit Bobbili to exist, that he would kill the toddling children, violate the girls that are about to attain womanhood, impale the four lords, and raze Bobbili to the ground. Anger having been cooled down by degrees, he spoke calmly : "Despite the smallness of the country the name is to be conjured up. It is ruled by 4 powerful lords. How can it be possible to conquer it?"

But the courtiers, who were past masters of mischief as their

king, before whose imagination, most probably, stood the great but weak minded historic figures Emperor Nala throwing dice and Pancha Pandavas gambling away, and Paupa Rao by their side a puny figure staking away his kingdom in a game cock fight counselled Vijayarama Raj to invite Paupa Rao to a cock-fight in the first instance when they would be able to say how he should proceed in the matter : pick a quarrel without any apparent cause and go against him.

Vijayarama Raj nodded his head saying : " Would he come and I be able to conquer him ? He might not come ; and in what manner should I invite him ? "

The diplomats at the Court replied : " Paupa Rao is the foremost man for cock-fighting which is a passion with him : He will most certainly come. "

Finding the advice salient Vijayarama Raj wrote unto Paupa Rao to come over, as he was desirous of having an hour's past time of cock-fighting, having learnt that Paupa Rao was so fond of it.

Paupa Rao replied, that he would not be far from his heart's desire : he would go to his (Vijayarama Raj's) country with his people for cock-fight, but it was contrary to religion and ethics to take his men and go to him, or that Vijayarama Raj should come to him with his French people, Dubbash people and mercenary Mahomedans ; for if he went to his (Vijayarama Raj's) country and won the game, or if Vijayarama Raj came to his country and lost the game, the matter would not appear fair, the law of the respective people would prevail, *i. e.*, the people of one country would not accept the decision of the other as fair, or yield, and *vice versa* : moreover the pastime of cock-fighting was one that touches one's sensibility and it would be better, therefore, that the cock-fighting ground was situate at some distance away from Vijayarama Raj's or his country in some neutral zone where they could repair to with their respective people and enjoy the pastime with heart's ease without coming to a misunderstanding.

The despatch duly reached Vijayarama Raj who, on reading

the contents, became joyous at the prospect of Paupa Rao's coming over despite what he wrote despairingly, and at once issued orders to his French people, Dubash people and poor Mahomedans to march, which they did, 700 men all told with cart loads of cocks, the Pooseepad Raja also attiring himself in costly clothes and putting on ornaments and seeing his reflections in a mirror, set out. With him went the palanquin, the retan chair with mirror attached, and the tent of variegated colours.

Paupa Rao on his part, without expecting a reply to his despatch, commanded his force to hold themselves in readiness, as he was to attend a cock-fight immediately; and they, with great enthusiasm, were ready, nay set out as per subsequent command. With them were carried the various kinds of cocks that were to fight. Lord Kunga Rao, on seeing Paupa Rao set out, dissuaded him from his purpose, saying that he was wanted not to participate in the pleasure which cock-fighting would afford, but that an opportunity might be found to pick a quarrel, but he disbelieved him, and had his own way, believing in his might.

Paupa Rao, on reaching the playground, enquired what were the conditions of the pastime.

"There should be neither laughing nor joking" replied Vijayarama Raj.

Paupa Rao did not appreciate the view, and remarking why he had been invited to a pastime where there was to be no laughing or joking, showed a tacit inclination to go back to his country.

Vijayarama Raj bent upon having Paupa Rao in his clutches, fixed the conditions, that the peoples might laugh or cry as they please, but should Paupa Rao's cock die (in the fight) and he laughed his 80 lakhs of villages and 18 *palliums* were to become forfeited. But should his cock die and Paupa Rao laughed then his (Paupa Rao's) villages were to become forfeited. These conditions were agreed to.

Vijayarama Raj's subjects now took out a cock, and attaching knives to its feet and wings let it go on the play-ground. It

came running; when about this juncture the Bobbili cock was set on the ground who, crowing, hardly advanced taking a view of all the things when the Pooseepad cock gave it a stealthy kick, and it fell into a swoon. Whereupon the Dubashmen cried: 'It is dying, bring a knife,' the Frenchmen called out for water to revive the cock, whereas the mercenary Mohamedans showed an inclination to slaughter it.

The Bobbilians were furious on hearing these exclamations, "Take care what you do?" said they "the wound should be shown first; if you touch the cock with evil intent without showing the wound there will be immense flow of blood."

Hearing this exclamation, the French and the Dubashmen were very much frightened; and then some of these people examined the cock, and, handed it over to the Bobbilians, declaring that there was not a wound on it.

Paupa Rao, on seeing the cock brought to him, was furious at Bhoyula Madhulaiti (in charge of the cocks) exclaiming that he was the cause of this failure; and the man dissembling, begged Paupa Rao not to be depressed in mind as he would resuscitate the dead cock and by it alone win the fight. Paupa Rao was pleased with these words, and promised a rich present if success was achieved, as otherwise he would thrust the poignard into his side.

Bhoyula Madhulaiti now shouting, 'Praise be unto Govinda, Praise be unto Govinda,' called upon his household gods and tutelary gods to help him out of this difficulty; and by their favour life was verily instilled into the cock. Paupa Rao was enraptured with delight on seeing the cock come to life and, when set on ground, actually go to fight, and fight it did in such a manner with Vijayarama Raj's chief-cock and others in shovelfuls that were let loose that they were all worsted or sought refuge in flight. The cock now standing victor before Vijayarama Raj's tent, and seeing its reflections and those of its comrades in the mirror attached to the Kumma Raja's chair, and concluding that a further batch of his species have come to contend with him, made a dash at the illusive object. Frightened at the strange behaviour of the Bobbili cock, Vijayarama Raj mounted his horse and began to flee, and, while fleeing,

noticed Paupa Rao, laughing and he spoke unto him that he had lost the game, his 11 villages and Bobbili and its fortress have become his, and he must leave Bobbili to go into exile giving effect to the wager now lost.

Upon which Paupa Rao replied that he did not laugh at his going away nor on seeing him, but laughter was created in him because of the cocks exhibiting extreme want of sense in not distinguishing men from their own species.

Vijayarama Raj rejoined that that was nonsensical talk, as he (Paupa Rao) entered into an agreement not to laugh or play pranks: in violation of terms of it, he must leave Bobbili.

Paupa Rao now enraged or aroused spoke again, that he did not laugh at his going away or on seeing him, and remarking on the ruthless slaughter of poor scraping fowls of the dunghill, challenged him to arm himself with the knives that were tied to the cocks' feet and come and fight, and after killing him to rule Bobbili, or he would kill Vijayarama Raj and rule Pooscepad.

Vijayarama Raj was now aroused, choleric as he was by nature, to the highest extreme and gave vent to fiery sentiments, specimens of which, will be found in the narrative.

Paupa Rao also was aroused and expressed his anger in a few words as possible but in decided tones, that he would kill Vijayarama Raj and burn Pooscepad. Conversant as he was with the bravery and determination of the Bobbilians, Vijayarama Raj was frightened and beat a hasty retreat; but, while doing so, cried out that Paupa Rao should be put under guard; and immediately the guards of various nationalities surrounded him and his force. Paupa Rao, taking the names of his tutelary gods and goddesses, fought with super-human strength and courage slaughtering men whose heads, as they were cut, dropped like limes, his force doing the same work of annihilation for 7 *gadiyas* and then returned to Bobbili.

Now the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam, giving a force of 600 men to Hyder Jung, commanded him to go and find



out whether Vijayarama Raj and Paupa Rao were still at variance, or fighting; and having the interests of the baronial lords at heart, he requested to be informed of the matter soon, so that he might be enabled to go and set up amicable relationship between the contending parties. Accordingly, Hyder Jung left Golconda and hardly came he to Pootapatti land when Vijayarama Raj went in advance to see him; and having an animosity still against the House of Bobbili in consequence of Paupa Rao having paid tribute in person at the Golconda court and of his having been worsted in a cock fight, painted Paupa Rao in by no means favourable colours and put the question to Hyder Jung whether he would help him by conquering Bobbili for him. Hyder Jung replied that that was impossible. With a view to take him in, Vijayarama Raj naively asked whether he would accept a bribe. Weak-minded Mohamedan as he was, Hyder Jung asked him what bribe he would give. "Eight lakhs" was Vijayarama Raj's answer. Considering the bribe not enough, step by step Hyder Jung asked for more, and Vijayarama Raj increasing it, the figure came up to 12 lakhs, when Hyder Jung good-humouredly accepted it, stipulating at the same time that he would be a mere helper in the background, not a fighter in the front rank with sword in the hand, and remarking in conclusion, that he and Vijayarama Raj would never be able to conquer Bobbili, but one who was a past master in warfare, must put himself at the head of affairs to achieve the result. Vijayarama Raj, as if his eyes were now opened, asked Hyder Jung whether he knew of any other king who would assist them. He gave out the name of Dubash Lakshmiah; and they there and then set out and came to Dubash Lakshmiah at Masulipattam; who being afraid that, both Vijayarama Raj and Hyder Jung must have planned his destruction, asked in alacrity as to why they had come to such a distance (distant place) travelling all the way, and they questioned, without any introduction, whether he would conquer Bobbili and put it in their possession. Dubash Lakshmiah, relieved in mind, returned an answer that it was beyond his power to conquer Bobbili, but he would most certainly help them in the matter, and asked what bribe they would give him. "8 lakhs" was Vijayarama Raj's answer. 'It is not enough, the bribe is not enough,' rejoined Dubash Lakshmiah and Vijayarama Raj now raised

the figure to 10 lakhs and Dubash Lakshmiah, closed with the offer, giving to understand in clear terms, however, that he would be a mere helper keeping himself at the back ground and not placing himself in the front rank, and concluding that they would kiss the ground in the first instance owing to the invincibility of the Bobbilians, unless they receive assistance from some one who must be more powerful than they. Vijayarama Raj asked whether he knew of such a powerful one; and Dubash Lakshmiah asked in return, without replying to the question put to him, if he was able to spend money when he would be give out the name of a powerful king; and receiving an affirmative reply, he gave out the name of the powerful man of the fortress of Pondicherry, Bussy-of-France, declaring that he would not go back in a battle, though the odds be against him, that he had such a large number of European soldiers that the country could be said to be literally swarmed with them, and that unless a ransom of 12 lakhs was placed before him he would not move both of his lips to speak a word. Vijayarama Raj reflected for a while and said that there was no use of going to him and giving the ransom when he would not be able to answer him when he spoke in his language, enquiring what he would wish him to do, unacquainted as he was with the French language. Dubash Lakshmiah solved the difficulty at once by stating that he knew French and would be able to interpret to him what he spoke and communicate the purport of the French king's talk to him; but that he would put a high value on his services, which Vijayarama Raj, however, agreed to pay; and they accordingly went to Pondicherry, conferred with Bussy, and promising to pay him 12 lakhs made him consent to come to Bobbili.

In due course, came Bussy with his force and he was, soon after, joined by the Rajas of feudatory States; and then the four kings held a conclave and laid siege to Bobbili in the middle of night, which was considered the fittest time when the people were in the sweet embraces of sleep.

Paupā Rao was in Durgammah's fortress at the time, having gone there on the invitation of his sister, who was celebrating the marriage of her son; and was induced to a cockfighting match by his friend, Gona Govindrajulu, which kept him engrossed

to the utter direlection of duty. Lord Runga Rao sent Chilkal Venkannah under disguise to inform him of the siege of Bobbili by the French and Vijayarama Raj's forces, but the man was found out and had to pay penalty with his life, which he did fighting bravely to the end, Bobbili's hero as he was ; and the message not delivered to the party intended. From the message, however, in the folds of a wheaten cake, the French and Vijayarama Raj's forces came to know that Paupa Rao was not in the Bobbili fort and this made them redouble their efforts to work at the siege, which was bravely holding out under Lord Runga Rao and his brother Vengal Rao and his brother-in-law Dharma Rao who, subsequently, with super-human courage and strength, fought on the field. Battle over, Lord Runga Rao fell on his sword and gave up his ghost, but before falling on the sword he stabbed his wife, his daughter and his brother's wife, and when the evil intention to do away with his infant son entered his mind and outward signs were manifesting themselves to perpetrate the deed, a female milk-vendor or a *gowlun*, with exemplary rustic patriotism carried off the child before the fatal harm fell, passed out of the enemies' lines with stratagem and presence of mind and, reaching Durgammah's fortress, held him out to Paupa Rao as the only living relic left of the house of Bobbili ; and that desperate lover of cockfighting, Paupa Rao, ascertaining the truth of the matter, set out with the friend of his boyhood, Miryal Seetannah, and coming to Bobbili, fought and annihilated the whole force of the enemies, stabbed Bussy, Hyder Jung, Vijiyaram Raj and Dubash Lakshmiah and then himself fell on the sword and quitted the world's stage.

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# *The Story of Bobbili.*

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O Srihari, Sri Raghupati Nandana, Ramchandra Raghurama.  
Contemplating on the verse in honour of Ganesa the auspicious,  
in the first instance, and contemplating of Queen Pakata Padmatu,  
we are going to tell the stories of the Rajahs of Bobbili. Deign  
to listen.\*

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\* The minstrel's invocation: he invokes the Lord of the Universe, Ganesa the god of learning and Sakti or the Great Cosmic Energy, before beginning the story, and then asks of the listeners to rivet their attention to what he was going to tell. There is a parallel, e. g., Sir Walter Scott begins one of his poems with the lines—

O Listen, Listen, Ladies gay  
No haughty feat of arms I tell  
Soft is the note and sad the lay.



In the Korekonda country exists Pooseepad. In the land of Pooseepad ruled Vijayarama Raj, the Kamma baronial lord. He ruled over 87 lakhs of villages, as also over 18 hamlets over the hills and 11 hamlets below them. He used to give an annual tribute of 7 lakhs of *varas* to the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, King of Golconda, collecting the tribute from the under lords himself. He was the most trusted ally. The Lord-paramount, the Nizam, who reigned in the Golconda kingdom, gave the prominent underlord, such rich presents as,—A tusker, a bandstand with a peel of bells, a green banner on the elephant's back, and a drum on the horseback. With the prestige that these rich presents had brought unto him he ruled over his lands happily.

Now in the Rajamahendrawaram country, O Raghupati Raghunandana Ranava Raghurama, Rama Raja was reigning. From that house royal house descended, collaterally, Runga Rao and Vengal Rao. They were uterine brothers, one the elder and the other, younger. They had two nephews, Paupa Rao the elder, and Dharma Rao the younger.

Once upon a time these four Vellama lords, or the senior lord, Runga Rao, evincing a desire to hunt, set out taking with them, Vellamas, Telagas and Komaties, and leashed in golden chains the 12 hunting hounds famed for catching the antelope, the deer, the wild boar and the bison. They advanced and advanced; and though they left behind Rajamahendrawaram by many days' distant, they did not come across any wild animals. It was in an inauspicious moment that they set out, as it was only after they entered Pooseepad, situated in Sher land and abounding in crags and flat stones, that the four lords sighted a hare. It they gave chase to; but the little animal, instead of running away, turned at bay and attacked the twelve hounds round and round, biting them in several places, and with such fierceness that they sought shelter at the calves of their masters' legs. Exclaiming: 'O Ramachandra, O Raghupati, O Ranava Raghunama! an ordinary hare to attack and bite the hunting hounds with such ferocity! the four

Vellama lords took out the 12 yards-in-length spears from underneath their arms and drove at the hare, but the weapons came back without either inflicting injury on the animal or killing him as they expected.

The four lords greatly marvelled at these things, and with the view to unravel the mystery thereof, they sent for brahmins and asked for explanation in the matter, laying stress as to the *gadiya* in which the land came into existence.

"O Lord Runga Rao, this is the Ranagudda (battle-ground) "Ravugudda (strip of land in which one never loses battle). "There is no death to animals born in such a land. Animals of this "land do not come by harm or get killed," replied the brahmins.

Now Paupa Rao, who was but a lad of seven years, advanced, and saluting unto his uncle, enquired "Whose land is this? Whose "country is this, Uncle dear?"

"The land belongs to the Kamma lord, Vijayarama Raj, but His Highness the Nizam, the king of Golconda, is the Lord-paramount. He is the supreme lord of the seven kingdoms," replied Lord Runga Rao.

"Our birth-place is Rajamahendrawaram, it is true; but suppose we take up a strip of land here and build a fortress, there would assuredly be no danger for the fortress, come what may.

Embracing the suggestion of little Paupa Rao, the senior lord Runga Rao, after consulting with his brother Vengal Rao, came to Pooseepad with the other lords and saluted unto Vijayarama Raj.

Returning the salute, Vijayarama Raj asked: "O why have "you come so far, leaving the land of Rajamahendrawaram behind, Lord Runga Rao? May I know on what business you "have come? Why have you come to this distant country? Do "tell me the cause of your coming."

"There is cause of our coming, O Raja Vijayarama Raj. There "is business with you.

“What must it be, speak unto me, Lord Runga Rao.”

“We want to found a city in the Sher land; do give us some land and accord us permission to found a city,” spoke the Lords of Rajamahendrawaram.

“Your birth place is Rajamahendrawaram: if you want to found a city, build a fort, in that case, you must pay me tribute-money, you must pay it to me,” replied Vijayarama Raj.

“To whom would we pay except to you; but what must the tribute-money be? Do tell.”

Receiving a reply that the tribute-money was to be five lakhs of *varas* annually, and agreeing to pay it, the four lords executed the agreement in due form and left Pooseepad proper for the interior of Sher land. Soon they chose a spot, sent for money and men from Rajamahendrawaram, drew the outlines on the ground with white powder,\* and after laying out foundations began building the Raj Bobbili fortress with great enthusiasm. They kept four large entrance doors and 9 bastions, three at each angular point. In the construction of the fortress, they made use of trunks of banyan trees for pillars, iron for roofing, flat stones in building up the walls under the bedding of *arka* grass, the adhesive composition having been made of finely powdered sandstone, yolks of eggs and *raggi*-flour in a liquid form.

Before the fortress came into being, Ranganadhaswami was already in existence there. Him (the Icon) they brought out, raised unto him, a pyramidal golden temple surmounted by a gold pinnacle, and installed him there. They put on him, dress embroidered in gold; put on the arms, gold ornaments; adorned the head with a crown of pearls and the neck with a necklace of emeralds and wreaths of pearls; they put on the forehead, trident marks† in gold and silver, and on the arms with the emblems of conch-shell disc; adorned the waist with a selvedge inlaid with precious

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\* It is called *Moogoo*, and used by Hindu ladies and women in drawing designs before their houses on Fridays and festive days, after the ground is sprinkled over with cowdung water.

† Trident marks, or, what is termed in ordinary language, caste marks.



stones and put at his side a diamond hilted sword. To the tutelary god of theirs, they put up 4 *deep dhans* (luxurious lamp-posts on stands) at the 4 sides and small stands for 100 lamps on all the sides. Bangari Mysamma was already in existence on the fortress. To her they raised a golden temple on the farthest angle of the fortress. Before the fortress came into being, Hanamata-rayudu was already in existence. They raised a temple unto him after worshipping him with flowers and leaves. Then they built houses for 700 Vellamas, 300 Telagas and 700 Bhairi Komatees; built palaces for Bangaroo Nayudu of Venkataghiri and Jambool Nayadu of Mudhugiri; built a bungalow for Runga Rao the Senior Lord, and a palace for Paupa Rao in the fort; they also built the variegated colour palace inlaid with gems and the little palace covered with designs, as also built dwelling-places for the various sects of the cowherds, Mathuras golla, Karnagolla and Kamatigolla, and for the Gampasati Telagas. Bobbili, therefore, put on a splendid appearance: it looked like *Pullaira* in flower, like *Raila* in bloom. The population also increased. With its swans and frogs, the village Bobbili was supremely happy, with its sparrows and Koel birds it was in high ecstasy. Though the country was small, its significance was great, and this was due to the four Lords. The ruling Raja was Lord Runga Rao of sweet disposition. And there was not the least danger that Bobbili would be lost, for it had the carnivorous lion, the carnivorous tiger Paupa Rao eminently fitted to protect the fortress. The Puissant Paupa Rao had a broad chest and his moustaches were like those of a tiger. His eyes appeared to come out of their sockets, while the face possessed lustre similar to cream on the milk, similar to the glint of the sword. He was like a flash of light in the clouds. He was a man of accomplishments. Raj-Bobbili, moreover, had 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas, each one a match for 100 men; it had knight chevaliers on the faces of some of whom, there was not the least sign of moustaches making their appearance, while on the faces of others, they were just coming out, appearing like the thin lines of lamp-black; it had Chilkal Yenkanah the King's messenger, a master of 600 men: it had Patalapu Ramanna, in prowess equal to Paupa Rao by half; it had Indla Ramajogi master of the Lancers; it had Jatula Veerannah master of the sword; it had Cummara Nagoji expert in boxing; and it had Bhoyula

Madhulaiti master of cock-fighting, and Bhoyula Timanna Instructor in playing the Koala rod on the fortress. Lord Runga Rao ruled over Bobbili for four years, and then abdicated the throne in favour of Puissant Paupa Rao his nephew, saying unto him : "You may now rule over Raj-Bobbili, nephew dear ; you are eminently fitted for the exalted position." With great success Tandra Pauparayadu ruled over Raj-Bobbili for six and three, nine years ; but ( ) Govinda,\* he had not sent one broken cowrie as tribute to Pooseepad during his regime. It was the time then for the Pooseepad court to send tribute-moneys to the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda ; so, again, Vijayarama Raj asked his accountant Vilati Ramanna, whether tribute-money has been received from all places, and what places have sent in and what places have not. "All the villages of the seven kingdoms have paid excepting Bobbili. The eighteen hamlets over the hills have sent in the tribute-moneys, the eleven hamlets below them have sent in the tribute-moneys, the 87 lakhs of villages also have similarly done, but the 11 hamlets of Bobbili have not, as yet, tendered the tribute. They had paid it for 1, 2, 3 and 4 years, but for the last six and three, nine years, they have not paid anything," replied the Accountant.

"I wonder how they rule over Bobbili without paying the tribute-money, not for one or two years but for six and three, nine years. Has Runga Rao, the senior lord, no sense of shame ? How does he take his meals and get sleep without a thought for the tribute to be paid. We have now to send tribute-money to the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda ; so write to Bobbili-Raj to send money," spoke Vijayarama Raj again with his eyes reddened with anger.

Accordingly, the Treasurer wrote a despatch to Lord Runga Rao and gave it to the royal courier for being delivered. The royal courier set out with the despatch, crossed the curve at the Black tank, turned angle at Mullammadevi's tank, passed Vengalrayudu's cattle-house, passed Paupa Rao's lime-garden, and coming by the way of Machhu pond, at last reached the variegated colour palace inlaid with gems, the little palace covered with designs, and delivered the despatch.

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\* An exclamation taking the name of God—It has the inward meaning 'sorry to relate.'

Lord Runga Rao read the despatch hastily and his countenance fell, (because of the news contained therein of the non-payment of the tribute-money, knowing, as he did, of the nature of Vijayarama Raj); and Paupa Rao enquired: "What despatch is that? From whence that despatch come?"

"It is addressed to the Bobbili court, demanding tribute-money due, not for one or two years but for six and three, nine years. So long as I ruled, I sent the tribute-money without fail, but during your rule you have not remitted any: it is a burden upon us. So Vijayarama Raj, commenting that we lead pleasant lives without a thought for payment of tribute and making use of hard and ironical expressions, has written to us to send in the tribute-money at once to Pooseepad," answered Lord Runga Rao. "Does the tribute-money of the eleven hamlets go to him?"

"All moneys go to him."

"But is he the chief man? Does he make use of it himself, or is there any one over him?"

"No, he is not the chief man but His Highness the Nizam, the king of Golconda, who is the Lord-paramount. He does not make use of the tribute-moneys himself in any way, but simply collects them all from the 87 lakhs of villages, from the eighteen hamlets over the hills and the eleven hamlets below them, and from the eleven hamlets of our Bobbili. He is the agent. He is his trusted ally." But what does he get in return?"

"He gets rich presents such as the tusker, the bandstand with the peel of bells, the green banner on the elephant's back, the drum on the horse's back and costly khilluts." "Does he give the presents to any one, or keeps them to himself in his country?"

"He keeps the presents to himself in his country. He does not give any of them to anybody."

"If he gets ten presents, one of which, we take for granted, he gives away, that will redound to his credit. When we pay a tribute

"of 5 lakhs annually, we should, in all fairness, get a share of the presents; why should he appropriate all the presents to himself? Are we not fitted to go to the court of the Lord-paramount; we are lords (baronial lords) not the least inferior to him. I shall go to the Golconda court, independently; tender money to the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam, the king of Golconda, and bring back with me rich presents. See, if I don't bring them. He shall not get one broken cowrie out of me. If he wants tribute, he had better come to my fortress with his empty carts and take away, laden, to his heart's content, flat stones and *arka* grass with which the fortress is surrounded, and of which there is no lack."

Don't be impatient. Don't have an evil tendency. Don't, don't. Impatience does not come forward, it only prevails to fall over. Ethics does not permit it. Dharma (the Law of Dharma) is against it. Patience only rules. Tribute to be paid to whom it should be paid. Why should we now have presents, that we had not before or when I was ruling. It is not good to incur the enmity of that Kamma varlet. It does not bode good. Worse may happen to Bobbili. He is not a good man. He would take over the village Bobbili in an instant. He would overpower Raj-Bobbili in a moment. Would you now cause Bobbili to be defamed as it had no cause to be defamed before? Would you now involve Bobbili in dispute as it was never involved before,? spoke the placid Runga Rao, the senior lord.

"I won't send a broken cowrie to Pooseepad. I won't send. Living, as you are, in the fortress, why do you utter such unmanly words. Residing, as you are, in the stronghold, why do you utter such unseasonable words. Are you not a Vellama? Are you a Mala? Related as you are to me as uncle, you should exact an "extra salutation, and nothing more," replied Paupa Rao in vehemence.

"As you are ruling over Bobbili you can do whatever you like," rejoined Lord Ranga Rao.

Paupa Rao, now taking up a sheet of paper, wrote to Vijayarama Raj: "We have not the tribute-money nor the dust underneath

“it. But if you want to have it, you may come to Bobbili fortress “with twelve empty carts, and return laden, to your heart’s content, with flat stones and *arka* grass with which the fortress is “surrounded, and of which there is no lack,” and putting the despatch in the courier’s hand, commanded him to go; and at the same time, issued commands to the 700 Villamas and 300 Telagas to be ready, putting on sashes, to go to the Lord-paramount’s capital at Golconda.

At once the 700 Vellamas got up, and with them the 300 Telagas; they took a bath in the little tank of golden steps, some tied their sashes, some tied their *dhotees* overnicely, while others tied the Sreekakolum (Chicacole) *dhotees* beautifully, some coiled *puggries* of light fabric round their heads in a fashionable manner; but all tied fast to the back a handful of strong ropes, put a poignard resembling a mango-root in form with a handle made of wood of the rose-apple tree, before the ropes; put round their shoulder that bell-metal shield that was on the clothes-line (inside the house); put at the back *pydi* knives of ivory handle; kept on the shoulder twelve-yards-in-length *paran* spear that should not be forgotten in the Vellama caste, one may forget anything else, and then set out in great glee, the beautiful hawks on their hands disporting, the *kilkoo* birds on the spears sporting, the *sari* dogs jumping as high as the knees. The puissant Paupa Rao taking the tribute-money and mounting the golden palanquin by the ivory flight of steps and ordering the *palanquin* bearers to move on, he set out with naked sabre guard before and behind, and soon coming up to Gopalswami’s temple and circumambulating it three times he stood before Gopalswami with folded hands, and begged a boon of the God, as he was going on a visit to the Golconda king, He being his only refuge; asked Golden Mysammah staying on the bastion not to fail in kindness; asked Hanumantu rayadu staying in front of the fortress not to fail in kindness; and then installing himself in his *palanquin*, with naked sabre guard before and behind, he set out by the way of the Machhu pond, by the Jessamine bazaar, passed Paupa Rao’s lime-garden, passed Vengalayudu’s cattle-home, turned a corner at Mullamadevi’s tank, and like a meteor, he turned to the right of Pooseepad and entered the highlands of Kulvakul, passed Vijianagram leaving behind Kaki (Coco) nada, Itajamabendrawaram, crossed Machhli-Bundar (Ma-

sulipatam) passed Pennapuram Pittapuram lands, came to Peddametu Sunkaisloo, Daverconda, Nalgonda, at last sighted the boundary-stones of the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda's land, and came to Golconda, halting on the hillocks of Saidabad.

Now the Bobbili force struck the kettle drum, and its sound was heard at the distance of seven villages. The Golconda Lord-paramount heard the sound and summoning his nephew, Hyder Jung, spoke unto him :—

“ I hear the sound of kettle drum in the direction of Saidabad hills; at no time have I heard sounds emanating from thence. Hyder Jung, go and ascertain what rajahs have come. Some one might have come to pay tribute. Go and find out what rajahs have come to Golconda.”

Accordingly, the next day, Hyder Jung, taking with him 100 men, came to Saidabad and saw the Bobbili forces in high spirits, his courage sinking with himself on seeing the brawny arms and powerful build of the men; and then he came to Paupa Rao's five coloured tent. The Rayudu, who was then free from duty, greeted him with the word. “ Salutation unto thee, salutation of meeting, Nawab.”

Hyder Jung returned the salutation of the Bobbili's Ruler and enquired of him ‘ Why have you come, leaving Bobbili, Paupa Rao. Give me your reasons for coming. What business have you with us? Why have you come Tandra Paupiah? ’

“ Why have you come brother Hyder Jung yourself. There is reason of my coming. I have come to meet the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, the king. I have come to pay the tribute-money of Bobbili. I will pay it and go my way,” replied Paupa Rao.

“ His Highness has sent me, and so I have come; but there is no precedent to take tribute direct from you. It ought to come through Pooseepad Raja. It must come through him alone,” spoke Hyder Jung again.

"So long as good understanding existed, we paid tribute to Pooseepad raja, but differences having arisen, we shall not pay to him a broken cowrie. We shall pay it to the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam. So go and tell His Highness that, if he permits we shall go into Golconda, pay in the tribute and return to Bobbili. If he does not permit, off we go to Bobbili fortress direct from hence. Come what may, we shall see the fun for a few moments. We shall cut throats of men and build tombs from Golconda to Godavery. We shall sprinkle water over them," rejoined Paupa Rao with vehemence.

Hearing these words Hyder Jung was greatly terrified and wishing within himself for the destruction of the Bobbili Lord's rashness and pursuit of evil course, he returned to His Highness the Nizam and saluted unto him.

Returning the salute, His Highness asked what was the news. "They have brought tribute-money from Bobbili fortress. If permitted, the Rajah would come, pay in tribute, and go his way. If not, he would go back to his country."

"Why did he bring in money? There is no precedent to receive the money direct. Order him to go off from hence", spoke the Lord-paramount at once, but after a second thought, enquired whether he had come in an impatient manner and pursuing an evil course, or with a calm, humble mind! "May his impatience and evil course be destroyed! He has come with a force of 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas?"

"If I tell him to go away, he would go off from hence. "There would be serious quarrel between himself and Vijayarama Raj; and there would be ruthless destruction of men in consequence. I am the king of all the lands: if I send for him, tender him advice, and tell him whom to pay the tribute-money, things would mend: there would be no excitement of ill-feelings, there would be no quarrels between them. If I don't send for him and tender timely advice, I would be said to have put swords in their hands to fight, nay to have pushed a burning stick in the fire-place already glowing," spoke His Highness the Lord-paramount, and, at the sametime, invited Paupa Rao to come to his court.

O with what an enthusiasm did Paupa Rao set out for the Lord-paramount's court, taking with him the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas. He spoke unto Indula Ramajogi the master of the Lancers emphatically :—

“O where had you been? We are now going to meet kings; and you should go through the lance-exercise in a faultless manner. If you fail, you will be severely beaten.”

He also spoke unto Jatula Veerunnah the master of the sword-stick: “O where had you been? We are now going to meet kings; and you should perform the exercise in a faultless manner. If you fail, you will be severely beaten.”

Then he spoke unto his coral coloured charger, Banntaija (Rocket speed): “Do come, you mother, who are wearing an auspicious mark on the forehead, who are adorning the neck with ornaments, and possessing four grey feet, do come, we are going to meet kings. If you see men with red caps on, don't be afraid of them, if you see men with black coats on, don't be afraid of them, if you see men with white helmets on, don't be afraid of them. There are elephants excelling you; don't be afraid on seeing them. There are camels excelling you; don't be afraid of them. There are horses superior to you; don't be afraid of them. Don't be afraid at the glistening of swords, or at the sound of fire-arms.

The Rayudu's charger's trot looked superb; he seemed not to touch the ground, and yet underneath his feet crushed the pebbles to powder, and now moving in a circular manner, he stopped short before the Lord-paramount's court. While Patalapu Ramannah gone through the sword exercise, Indula Ramajogi gone through the spear-exercise, Jatula Veerunnah exercised with the *latial* sticks, Boyula Timmanna played with the rods, and Cummara Nagoji boxed, Paupa Rao made his appearance on his horse like a flash of lightning, and duly descending, stood before the royal court and performed sword exercise, and other exercises in sitting and standing attitudes, and with the strength of his legs rose 12 yards high, and alighting below, twisted his moustaches and made a lime to stand at one end; when velvet chairs were brought out from



inside and arranged in a row with invitation to sit, *Baito rai baito bhai, Khursi phur baito, shabas Paupa Rao.\**

"This is no permission to sit on the Pariah's chair. Gopal-swami, who is in the fortress, has not accorded us permission. Golden Mysammah, who is on the bastion of the fortress, has not accorded us permission, and Hannmantu Rayadu, who is before the fortress, has not accorded us permission to sit on the *Tura'a's* (Mahomedan's) chair."

"Then where will you sit, Puissant Tandra Paupaya?" Upon which Paupa Rao with his right moustaches made a sign to Patalapu Ramanna, who at once formed a chair with 12 spears laid crosswise; and Paupa Rao, sitting on it on his knees, made salutations unto the Lord-paramount with due deference: "Salutation unto thee, salutation of meeting, Father Nizam, of cool disposition." "Salaams unto thee, Puissant Paupa Rao, why did you come leaving Bobbili? what's the business of your coming?"

"We have brought tribute-money due on the 11 hamlets of Bobbili. Accept the money, and off we go."

"There is no precedent to receive the money direct. Had you paid the tribute once or twice before this, there would have been confidence established, but there was no such procedure. It should be paid in the first instance to Pooseepad Raja, who would send it on in turn to us; by our acceptance, there would be a quarrel: he would be wrath and slay you, or you will slay him, so I will not receive tribute money at your hands. You should not be impetuous or follow a wicked course."

Hearing these words, Paupa Rao became angry, gnashed his teeth and breaking the chair with his kicks, bawled out twisting his moustaches "I won't give it to him. I won't give it, come what may. What would you do if I make use of it myself? So long as we were friends we remitted the tribute to the Pooseepad lord, but as now our relationship is strained we won't pay him. Come what may, I mean to see the fun for seven *gadiyas*. What fear

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\* O take your seat, brother take your seat. Take your seat on the chair, bravo Paupa Rao.

"is there for Raj-Bobbili: let 1,000 years occupy in its fight. "We would cut throats and build tombs from Golconda to Godavary, and sprinkle chunam-water over them. If dead bodies fall as high as the fortress, we won't give up the fortress.

Listening to the impassioned harangue, the Lord-protector trembled. 'May his impatience and pursuit of evil course be 'destroyed' muttered he, and at the same time reflected on this wise. 'It is no idle threat. He will do what he means. He 'is the man to make use of the money. He is the man to fight 'bravely. He veritably appears to be a tiger imprisoned in a 'cage embedded with knives. The money that was in the corner 'has come to us out of vanity; and if we take it there will be 'much strife between them, but we will arbitrate and permit things 'not to take a serious turn. But if they don't listen to advice, what 'care we? If Vijayarama Raj slays Paupa Rao and takes his 'land, we get our tribute, if Paupa Rao slays Vijayarama Raj 'and takes his land we get our tribute. In both cases we get our 'tribute, so what care we if one lives or the other dies. If we 'refuse tribute now, we will not get a cowrie, and it will not be 'prudent to refuse the tribute from the Raja who has come from 'such a distance, bringing the tribute.'

Reflection over, the Lord-protector spoke unto Paupa Rao: "Sit on the chair. Why are you impatient and pursuing an evil "course. Take things coolly" commanding his men at the same time, that the money should be counted and paid into the treasury.

Immediately twelve money-changers came and counted the tribute-money due from Bobbili State for six and three, nine years, and, finding it correct to the cowrie, lodged the money in the treasury and reported.

The Lord-protector now gave Paupa Rao rich presents: khil-luts, Tulsennah earrings, lion-mouthed ornaments of gold for the wrists, a gold selvedge of five seers in weight for the waist, a royal elephant, a handstand with a peel of bells, a green banner on the elephant's back, and a drum on the horse's back.

Accepting the presents, the Bobbili Lord set out homewards, saluting unto the Lord-protector. "I am going sir. Salutations

“unto thee, salutations unto thee, sir. We are going sir, We  
“are going away, pray you will be kindly disposed towards us.  
“The meals that we eat are yours, and the clothes that we wear  
“are yours.

The Lord-protector, His Highness the Nizam, returned the salutation. “Salutation unto thee in return Paupa Rao, don’t you  
“wage war with Vijayarama Raj. Let there be no impatience or  
“pursuit of the evil course on your part. Patience has its gain.”

Soon the kettle-drums on the camel’s back sounded energetically with the onomatopoeic sounds of ‘kulpul,’ and the peel of bells attached to the band sounded simultaneously, ‘killoo killoo’ and the Bobbili force walked on now with long steps, the salutations being over already. Leaving Golconda city, the Bobbili Lord passed Nulconda, passed Daverconda, passed Peddametta-Sankaisloo, Pennapuram-Pittapuram lands, crossed Kakinada, (Coconada) Machhli-bandar (Masulipatam), entered the limits of Vijianagram leaving Rajamahendrawaram behind, and now, passing the highlands of Kulvakal, entered the Sher land, and came to Pooseepad. Here soon placing the presents, he turned angle at Mullammadevi’s tank, passed Vengalrayudu’s cattle-home, passed Puapa Rao’s lime-garden, and passing the jessamine bazaar, returned by the way of Machoo pond to Bobbili.

Coming to the variegated colour palace inlaid with gems, and the little palace covered with designs, he greeted Lord Runga Rao: “Salutations unto thee, Uncle Runga Rao, salutations.”

“Salutations unto thee in return, Nephew Paupa Rao. What  
“countries had you been to and returned so soon!”

“I went to the Golconda city, visited the Lord-protector His  
“Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda, and brought rich presents, uncle.”

“May the presents be mingled with the earth. May the presents be mingled with the dust. May you be mingled with the  
“dust. Paupa Rao, you have brought stigma on Bobbili which it  
“had not before. You have brought infamy on Bobbili which it  
“had not before. Bobbili will now be completely destroyed

"Bobbili is doomed, is doomed. You have courted the ill-will of the Kamma lord, would he permit Bobbili to have its being? He would most certainly destroy it. He will cause crows and kites to play on it."

"Residing in the fortress, why utter unmanly words. Staying in the stronghold, why utter hog's grunts. How have you ruled Bobbili before? Are you a Vellama or Mala? Come what may, and no matter whatever fate Bobbili may share, I mean to see the fun for seven *gadiyas*; but if you exceed your talk, I will spike you through with the poignard of the fox-tailed shape with the handle of wood of rose apple tree."

"Have patience, Nephew, hastiness and evil ways do not go ahead; to be patient is to have the strength of four combined, I give you advice, but before accepting it you become angry and show a tendency to come to blows. I made a mistake in abdicating the throne," thus spoke Kunga Rao, and retired.

Paupa Rao, then, with a rare magnanimity, gave presents of land with ploughs to people, remitted taxes, etc. Let the story stop here for a while for the present.

Now Pusapati Vijayarama Raj, on listening to the peel of bells that were attached to the bandstand and that made the onomatopoeic sounds of 'kulpul kulpul,' became enraged and burning like fire, exclaimed: 'Just look at that son of Vellama, how he who took his birth and was brought up in Rajamahendravaram, had come here, took permission from me, and agreeing to pay tribute, built a city and paid tribute for some time to me, and then direct to the Golconda king, His Highness the Nizam, instead of to me. This does not matter much, as in any case, either through me or by him direct, the tribute would have been tendered to the Lord-protector. But instead of keeping the presents, which he received at the Golconda court, to himself in his country where they would have added to his splendour, Paupa Rao kept them in my country, as it were, on my chest; that Vellama son who should have been near the feet (holding inferior position), has come to be near the head (making himself my equal). Would I permit him to live? I will cause crows and kites to play on the fortress. I will mingle the punctilious village Bobbili with water. I will make

‘the famous Bobbili village to become the property of strangers. Bobbili is doomed. I will impale the four lords. I will cut the throats of mothers of infants that are on the cot still in a convalescent state. I will cut the throats of children at breast. I will violate the immatured girls. I will tread on Bobbili with my sandalled feet causing disintegration on all sides. I will, with my shoe-worn feet, tread on Bobbili to the sinking point. I will destroy Bobbili and, on its site, cultivate tobacco. Then only the wager can be said to have been won by me and borne fruit. But why should I be furious like this? The ox that carries the burden himself knows the labour involved therein. I shall look at things with an unprejudiced mind, and then concert revengeful measures; but there is no necessity to wage war. The first fault was committed by Bobbili, paying the tribute to the Lord-protector, His Highness the Nizam, instead of to me. The second fault also was committed by Bobbili, keeping the presents in my land, as it were on my chest, and not in Paupa Rao’s own country. The third fault should now be committed by me, that of cutting off the water-supply to Bobbili from the the Black tank, by which the Bobbili varlets, who had come to be near the head, (supreme) will recede to their former place, keeping at the feet (holding subordinate position). Then only would they be brought to reason, not otherwise.”

Resolution thus formed, he cut off all water-supply, main and the feeders, and put a force of 300 men in charge of his elder sister’s son Ananta Rao and younger sister’s son Narsing Rao at the Black tank, with strict injunction to see that not a drop of water is taken out from the tank. Need it be said that the water communication was completely stopped; let the story stop here for the present.

Now the king’s messenger, Chilkal Venkannah, who was the commandant of 600 foot, came to the temple of Gopalswami to worship and was astonished after circumambulation to find, that there was not as much water in the God’s sacred pond as to dip one’s finger. ‘There used to be water in the tank, always, even in the height of summer; why should there be no water now?’ muttered he, and soon set out to find out the cause. He came upon wide tanks :tanks looking black with water before

but now they have all been dried up. The sugarcane fields, the betel-leaf fields, and the *shama*\* vegetables have all been languishing for want of water. 'If water-supply is really cut-off, there is no doubt, that we will have to put out our tongues and die—all the cattle, infants, and other animals will share the same fate' exclaimed he, and soon returning, came to Patalapu Ramannah and explained: "Brother, when I went to worship in the God's temple, what a marvel I have noticed! "There was not a drop of water in the sacred pond attached to the temple, the surrounding sugarcane fields, the betel-leaf fields and the *shama* vegetables, and the ginger plantations that were almost ready to be cut and utilized, were all suffering for want of water. "I went near the brinks of wide tanks: tanks looking black with water, and found no water in them. There appears to me some mystery or foul-play in this connection."

"What "mystery or foul-play could there be in the matter of supply of water to us? I do not suspect any. A big buffaloe must have fallen dead across or large clods of earth detached themselves, blocking the passage of our water-communication," replied Patalapu Ramannah. But the two Vellamas, arming themselves with the long and short spears, soon set out by the side of the canal. They went alongside of the canal throughout its entire length and past by Paupa Rao's lime garden and Devi Mullammah's flower garden but found no mystery and observed no foul-play; but when they came upon the banks of the Black tank, they saw a force of about 2 to 300 men guarding the tank. Taking in the situation, they spoke among themselves. 'Oh! Oh! war is confronting us. A strife has come to exist between the two rajahs. Ours is the committal of the first fault that, instead of paying the tribute to Vijayarama Raj, we paid to the Lord-protector. Ours is the committal of the second fault that, instead of keeping the presents in our own country, we kept them in the Kamma lord's land, as it were on the man's chest. Therefore observing our committal of the first and second faults, they committed the third fault by cutting off the water supply; so there should be no rashness or pursuit of evil course on our part. It is by persuasion, by speaking sweet words, that we should gain our object—of the continuance

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\* A sort of greens. It is grown in ponds of low depth. It is invariably cooked with vetch.

‘of the water supply, and retrace our steps. We must not be aggressors, no matter if they abuse us or beat us.’ Resolution thus formed, the two Vellamas came to the tent of Ananta Rao and greeted him: “Salutations unto thee, Junior gentleman, salutation unto thee,” “Patalapu Ramannah, king’s messenger Venkannah, why have you come leaving Bobbili,” spoke Ananta Rao, returning the greeting of the Bobbili’s foremost Vellamas.

“There is business with you, Ananta Ramiah; there is cause of our coming. What grave fault have we committed, we submit, “that you should cut off our water supply. Give us our water “supply, and off we go,” replied the Vellamas.

“Leaving Bobbili, go into exile to the highlands of Palakol, “go into exile there and you get water,” rejoined Ananta Rao.

“Oh! oh,! exclaimed Patalapu Ramanna,” if Palakol water is dealt out, our children will die. Give us our own water supply; for want of it our cattle and children are dying. Give it us, our Junior Gentleman, and off we go.”

“Leaving your houses, fire-places, go into exile,” spoke Ananta Rao again.

“Leaving the hearths and homes that we have established, leaving the fire-places that we have set up, where should we go to?”

“You eat Paupa Rao’s salt and we eat Vijayarama Raj’s salt so how can we let off water on our own account. If you “bring us permission from the Rajah, we will let off the water. “Otherwise not.

“Ah! ah! Ananta Ramiah,” expostulated Patalapu Ramiah, “why are you so unkind? What grave fault have we committed? “For a little thing, which can be conceded in all graciousness with “no cost to oneself, why should hatchets be employed. Should the “Raja be informed of such slight matters\* as the one now is of “supply of our own water to us. Give us our water and we go.”

“With these courteous words which we have given vent to, may

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\* Wherein, as the Telugu idiom has it, merely cows, bulls and buffaloes figure.

“you now go, as otherwise the far-famed village Bobbili will become the property of strangers. We will cause crows and kites to play on the fortress in daylight, we will impale the four lords, kill the toddling children, throttle the infants at breast, cut the throats of pregnant women, violate the girls that are about to attain puberty. We will, with our sandalled feet, tread on Bobbili to the sinking-point, we will, with our shoe-shod feet tread on it, disintegrating it. We will consign Bobbili to the watery element. We will raze Bobbili to the ground and, on its site, raise tobacco. Then only our enmity shall have reached its culminating point. So with these courteous words which we have given expression to, again we say, may you go. If you exceed your talk, “you will be kept under guard”, replied Ananta Ramiah.

On the utterance of the word that they would be kept under guard, Patalapu Ramanna became highly incensed, his blood boiled within him and the eyes became red like fire. Exclaiming, ‘Who is that charlatan’s son, that prostitute’s son, who uttered the words of putting me under guard, I would spear him at the side’ and suiting his action to the words given vent to, Patalapu Ramanna took out his fox tailed poignard surmounted on a wooden handle made of rose apple tree. At which both of Vijayrama Raj’s nephews quailed with terror and shouted to their groom, ‘Ramanna, bring the horse, O bring the horse,’ and on the groom hastily bringing him without a bridle, both the brothers mounted the animal bare-back and galloped for life, but before galloping off, they sowed the seed of war in right earnest, by ordering that the Bobbili men should be kept under guard which was instantly obeyed with the result that the African guard, the Rohilla guard, the Sikh guard, the Mahratta guard, the Mummai guard, and other guards, no less than 12 guards in number, came one after another with amazing rapidity, and surrounded the Bobbili Vellamas and thus incited them to fight.

The Bobbili Raja’s messenger Chilkal Venkannah asked permission of Patalapu Ramannah to fight. “Obtain permission from Gopalswami who is in the fortress, obtain permission from the Golden Mysamma who is on the bastion of the fortress, obtain permission from Hanamanthurayudu who is in the front of the fortress, obtain permission from the Raja Paupa Rao himself,” replied Patalapu Ramannah.



Now Patalapu Ramannah and Chilkal Venkannah jumped into the midst of men, and repeating ' We bow unto Govinda, we bow unto Govinda'\* fought heroically. Holding fast 2 to 3 men under their arms, the Bobbili men would spear them at their sides; holding 2 or 3 men, they would strike them against the eaves; holding 2 or 3 men in their hands, they would thrust their spears through them; putting one over the other, they would trample over them. The sight was visible, that of kidneys of men falling out as they were killed, fat pieces of flesh coming down as they were killed; the rice that was eaten some time back, now came out—when vomitted—in heaps and in the form of waves, the toddy and arrack that was drunk some time back, now came out and flowed like rivulets. For three *gadiyas* they fought a valiant fight, and made three hundred men widowers; and opening the water communication at Black tank as before they, with the rapidity of a hare, came upon wide expanses of water wherein and washed their spears; came upon expanses of water resembling black of colour wherein they washed their swords; passed the curve at the Mallummadevi's tank, passed the lime-garden of Paupa Rao; and by the Machoo pond way, they came to the variegated colour palace inlaid with gems, and the little palace covered with designs; and with folded hands, they made obeisance unto Paupa Rao: "Salutations unto thee master, who had fed us, who had brought us up."

Whereupon Paupa Rao enquired of them. "Where had you been? "Where had you gone, son Ramana? You come with a blood-stained face."

"What may I say, my master, who had fed us. Certain things had been done without your orders. Chilkal Venkannah went to the God's temple to worship. There was not a drop of water in the God's pond—sacred pond attached to the God's temple—and the surrounding gardens, moreover, were suffering for want of water. With a view to find out what was the mystery or foul-play, or whether a big buffaloe had died or large clods of earth fell across the passage obstructing the flow of water from the tank, we set out by the canal way and walked throughout but found no mystery or foul-play. But when we came upon the Black

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\* *Baja Govindhum*, *Baja Govindhum* in the original Telegu. *Govinda* is the name of God.

“tānk, we saw a force of 300 men, under the charge of the Kamma  
“raja’s elder sister’s son Ananta Rao and younger sister’s son  
“Narsing Rao, placed there to guard it ; and knowing that strife  
“existed between kings, which was the cause of the water-  
“supply being cut off, we beforehand advised ourselves, that  
“we are not to go out of temper, abuse they may, and then ap-  
“proached them with humility, and begged of them to give us our  
“water-supply ; and though they made use of hard expressions that  
“the far-famed village of Bobbili would be made the property of  
“strangers, that the royal Bobbili would be consigned to the watery  
“element, that crows and kites would be made to play on the fortress  
“of Bobbili in open daylight, that they would impale the four lords,  
“that they would poignard the toddling children that they would  
“violate the immatured girls, that they would raze Bobbili to the  
“ground and, on its site, plant tobacco, we kept quiet paying no heed  
“to the insults, on the other hand we expostulated with them to  
“the effect that the supply of water may be vouchsafed unto us as  
“hitherto. And lastly they said, that we should go with the kind  
“expressions, they said, they have given vent to, and that if we  
“don’t, they would put us under guard. The utterance of words  
“that we would be put under guard put us out immensely, and we  
“jumped into the force, fought, and made 300 men, widowers, and,  
“opening the water communications, returned home.”

Paupa Rao, though fully conscious that the first and second faults were committed by him and the third one by Vijayarama Raj, now, instead of censuring or vetoing the action of his men by stating that they should have returned in the same manner as they had gone and not fought without orders with reference to the supply of water stopped, a matter which lay within the province of kings to decide, not with them : one raja had he wished would have gone to the other and asked for water and got it ; applauded the action of his men, and added, that they should have jumped into the Pusupati land, killed the Raja on the throne, and returned to Bobbili with their hands covered with glory.

Hearing this approbation, their right shoulders heaved high in delight. Let the story stop here for a moment.

Ananta Rao, on reaching Pusupati land with his brother, at once came to Vijayarama Raj and salūting unto him, spoke of

the fight on the Black tank, "Uncle, when the two Bobbili men, Patalapu Ramannah and Chilkal Venkannah came to us" said he "and expostulated with us, that the water supply may be continued unto them as it was done hitherto, we made use of such harsh expressions as to arouse their ire, but they did not resent it; but when we spoke that, if they don't go now as they were courteously treated so far but exceed in their talk we would put them under guard, then was aroused their anger: they jumped into the midst of the force and fought such a fight or committed such a carnage that they made the wives of the 300 men, widows." Vijayarama Raj on hearing this account, at once burned like unto fire, and showing himself in the similitude of a wicked man, a follower of bad paths and cruel unto the extreme, exclaimed in the height of his wrath: "That varlet who was holding an inferior position has now come to the top and is exceeding his power. Let it take seven or 700 years, I will not permit Bobbili to remain. I will not permit it to live, the royal fortress. I will, with my sandalled feet, trample on Bobbili to the sinking-point. I will, with my shoe-shod feet, trample on it pell-mell till it is disintegrated. I will make crows and kites to play on Raj-Bobbili in open daylight. I will cut the throats of mothers of infants on the cot still in a state of convalescence. I will kill the toddling children with my weapon. I will violate the immatured girls. I will impale the four lords. I will make the far-famed Bobbili to become the property of strangers. I will cause the punctilious Bobbili to be mingled with water. I will raze it to the ground and, on its site, cultivate tobacco. But then the name is great though the country is small, and ruled by four lords. How could it be possible to conquer it?"

"But would not the Lord be kind enough to meet him face to face," spoke the courtiers in one voice, "and play dice with him? Then we would be able to see what could be done."

"Would he come and could I conquer him? He might not come, and in what manner should I persuade him to come."

"Paupa Rao is the foremost man for cock fighting," spoke the courtiers again. "Cock fighting is his life and soul. Pray invite him to a cock-fight, and he is sure to come."

Falling in with this piece of advice tendered, Vijayarama Raj at once wrote unto Paupa Rao as follows:—

“Salutations unto thee Paupa Rao, I hear that you are the foremost man for cock fighting, and I am greatly desirous of having a game in your company for three *gadiyas* without rashness or evil tendency. You will, therefore, come to our palace.” Soon the messenger set out with the despatch, crossed Paupa Rao’s lime-garden, turned the curve at Mulammadevi’s tank, passed Vengalraydu’s cattle-home, and, by the Machoo pond way, came to the variegated colour palace inlaid with gems, and the little palace covered with designs, and delivered the despatch.

Patalapu Ramannah read the despatch and put it aside hastily, laughing. “Whose is it? Why has it come? You always receive whatever letters come, and reading the contents thereof, put them aside. What is the purport of the letter now received,” spoke Paupa Rao.

“Nothing my Lord who is our protector” replied the Commander of the Force in a laughing manner. Hearing of your being an expert in cock fighting, Vijayarama Raj writes, that it would afford him pleasure to be amused in cock fighting in your company for 5 *gadiyas*. He invites you to come. We will go to Pooseepad for cock fighting.”

The invitation for cock fighting gave Paupa Rao, immense delight, the shoulders heaved high (because of delight); and he hastily snatching the letter from Patalapu Ramannah’s hands, read it himself the 1st, 2nd and 3rd lines thereof, and taking a sheet of paper wrote back the reply: ‘Salutation unto thee Vijayarama Raj. You evince a desire for cock fighting, and I am not far from your heart’s desire. I would go to your place for cock-fighting, bringing with me 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas, but, then, it is against the dictates of religion and ethics, that I should, taking my men, go to your place, or that you should come to my place, bringing with you your French people, Dubash people and poor (mercenary) Mahomedans. For if I go to your country and win the game, or if you come to my country and win the game: it would, indeed, be a widow’s game: in both cases, the matter would not appear fair, the law of the respective people would prevail, as the game of cock fighting is one that touches one’s sensibilities. It would be better if the scene of the game is fixed

some distance away from your place and my place as well, or in some neutral or undebatable ground duly allotted for the purpose, where we will repair to with our respective people and be interested in the game, without coming to any misunderstanding, leading to future quarrels.

The letter duly reached the court of Vijayarama Raj, who reading the contents and joyful at heart that Paupa Rao was sure to come, no matter what the place may be, issued commands to his people: "Get up, get up Frenchmen, Dubashmen, poor Mahomedans, we are going to the cock fight." Accordingly the Frenchmen, Dubashmen, and the poor Moslems numbering 700 in all set out *en masse*; with them were carried seven cartloads of cocks of the best kind, Vijayarama Raj attiring himself in costly clothes and adorning his person in five ornaments which absorbed half an hour, looked his reflections in the mirror and set out. With him went his *palanquin* of variegated colours and the royal retan chair with the mirror attached to it.

Let this story stop here for the present.

"Get up, get up Bobbily's sons," spoke Paupa Rao. "We are going to the cock-fight." Oh with, what an enthusiasm, the 700 Vellamas got up and with them the 300 Telagas. They took a bath in the tank of the golden steps and in the flowing stream; coiled round their heads, turbans in a fashionable manner; threw a handful of ropes at the back; put a poignard of mango root form with an wooden handle attached of rose-apple tree, behind the ropes; put round their shoulder the shield that was on the clothes line (inside the house); put *pydi* knives under the arms and kept on the shoulder the 12 yards-length *paran* spear that should not be forgotten in the Vellama caste, whatever else one may forget; and set out in great delight, the beautiful hawks disporting on the hands, the *Kilkoo* birds sporting on the spears and the *sari* dogs jumping as high as the knees. With them set out—in charge of the Master of the cocks—cocks that were to fight—Chatreelu of slight build but endowed with extraordinary spirit of animosity, Chella Kagda Jayaseeloo, Dugdeelu of small size but with a little tuft of hair on the head, Soha

Kamkulu dugdeelu, the real dugdeela fowl, Peacock sokaloo game cocks of ash-colour, Dugdeela of peacock and blackish colour, In-jailoo or cocks of low breed that have not brought young ones, Dug-seeloo of five colours, Debbili sokloo, Rakklaini low bred cocks. Lord Runga Rao's cock was carried in a palanquin, but how was his person? Gold and silver anklets were attached to his feet, gold and silver earrings were put on his ears. A handful of knives were put underneath his arms. Paupa Rao having installed himself in his gold palanquin, to which was attached a ladder of ivory, set out making salutations unto his uncle, who asked returning his salute.

"Where are you going? Why are you going Paupa Rao?"

"I am going for the purpose of cock fighting with the Kamma Lord for 3 *gadiyas*."

"It is not just, it is not fair that you should go," replied the uncle. "That fellow wants you for cock fighting, not as an amusement but with the view to pick a quarrel with you. That Kamma lord is a blood-thirsty fellow: he would pick a quarrel and enmity would be engendered. It bodes ill to be at enmity with a Kamma," replied Runga Rao.

"If an altercation ensues in the cock fight, I shall fight, come what may, for seven *gadiyas* and see the fun," replied Paupa Rao, and soon asked the palanquin bearer to move on sharp. Soon with his jubilant force of 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas to his right and left, the Machoo pond was passed, the jessamine bazaar was left behind, the Nizam's boundary stones were crossed and lastly the spot or *Sher* land where the cock fight was to come on was reached. At a distance, he saw Vijarama Raj and his force, and Vijarama Raj and his forces did the same soon after. Paupa Rao installed himself in the tent of variegated colours pitched for him, and looked here and there as if he was looking at vacancy, and not deigning or condescending to salute Vijayarama Raj, though he committed two offences against him. Vijayarama Raj, however, greeted him: "Salutations unto thee Puissant Paupa Rao," Paupa Rao made salutations unto Vijayarama Raj in return and enquires. "Raja, what shall be the wager?"

"There should be neither laughing nor joking." Why did you invite me to such a widow's (spiritless) game. "If cocks are fighting, there would be laughing and joking. The game in which laughing or joking does not form a part is a worthless game. I won't take part in such a game. You go back to your country and I go to mine; as keeping silence during a game is tantamount to participating in a worthless game. There should be laughter and joking while a game is played," spoke Paupa Rao.

"Let the people laugh or cry as much as they please, but the condition between us should be that, should your cock die and I laugh, the 80 lakhs of villages of mine become yours, so would the 18 *palliums*. But should my cock die and you laugh, I will not be concerned with your laughter but you will have to forfeit Bobbili for the breach."

Mutually agreeing to these conditions Vijayarama Raj and Paupa Rao wrote out agreements, and appended their names and seals thereto.

The Pusapati people now took out an ash-coloured *khunee-dugdila* cock and attached twelve knives to its feet and wings. The Bobbili men also now took out a *Newala sookooloo* cock (peacock-like lamenting) and attached knives to its feet and wings.

The Pusapati cock came running, while the Bobbili cock who crew while being carried on one's hand, when set on the ground, crew and crew seven times lustily and then advanced taking in a view of all things, when the Pusapati cock gave it a stealthy kick and it fell into a swoon. Upon which a great tumult arose.

"Margaya, margaya, O murghi margaya, choori lao," cried the Dubashmen.

"Pani lao, Pani lao," spoke the Frenchmen, meaning to revive the cock to life. "We would slaughter the cock," spoke the mercenary Mahomedans smacking their lips.

Hearing these words the Bobbili men became very very angry, their eyes appearing to come out of their sockets and they spoke

in vehemence. 'Take care what you do. First show us the wound; without showing us the wound if you touch the cock we shall eat you alive. There would be a regular shedding of elephant's blood and man's blood promiscuously.'

Hearing these words, the French and the Dubashmen were very much frightened, as they knew the warlike nature of the Bobbili's men; and some of the people examined the cock thoroughly and declared to the satisfaction of all that there was not a wound on it, and so the cock was delivered to the Bobbili's people.

Bhoyala Madhulaiti now taking the cock, came to Paupa Rao, who at once becoming angry, his eyes reddening, and gnashing his teeth, exclaimed "O what a widow's (worthless) game and what a (prostitute's) useless game you have caused to be played." At this Bhoyala Madhulaiti trembled, but at once dissembling, returned an answer. "Are you depressed in spirits having lost the game, O sir, who have fostered-us, don't give way to depression of spirits. Just observe my prowess. I will resuscitate the fallen cock and by that very cock win the game. I would get the biter bitten." "If you do that" rejoined Paupa Rao "by your skilfulness and thus save the honour that is at stake, I will never forget your kindness. I will present you with Tulsenna gold earrings, a selvedge of circlet pieces for the waist, gold ornaments for the wrists. I will give you rich khilluts. But if you fail, the poignard resembling mango root in form and having a wooden handle of rose-apple tree will be thrust at your side.

With the cock in hand, Bhoyalu Madhulaiti exclaiming, 'Praise be to Govinda, Praise be to Govinda,' called upon his gods to help him in this emergency. 'O Gopalswami who have been in existence before the fortress came into being; O Knower of the 4 Vedas, O Narayana moorthi," said he—"Let your right arm be my protection. You are the only being at my back and on all the sides (protecting me). O Sree Runganathaswami Pakshivahana (Possessor of Bird as a vehicle), Paramapavitra, (Holy of holies), Paleti Rangaisha (Protector Runga) would you get me killed by tying my hands? O mother golden Mysumma who are on the bastion of the fortress, please don't fail in kindness towards



me. O Hanmantharayudu who are before the town, don't be wanting in kindness towards me, please.'

By the favour of the three gods the cock, while in the hands of Madhulaiti, came into life fluttering its wings and crowing lustily and showing its fury.

Paupa Rao was enraptured with delight on seeing the cock come into life. 'He must have fainted and by the blowing of the cool wind must have regained consciousness; or the stealthy cock must have made him fall to the ground, but being destined to live, and there being life at the extremities, he must have come to life the cool air acting on him' so thought Paupa Rao.

Bhoyula Madhulati, giving knots to the cock's wings, gave the cock to understand that, if he didn't become victor over the cock that kicked him, retrieve his good name, he (Madhulaiti) would pierce his side with the poignard resembling mango root in form with a wooden handle attached of rose-apple tree.

Hearing these words, the Bobbili cock became enthusiastic, and rising up like a bird of the air and dancing like a peacock, encountered his adversary the Pusapati cock with great fury and gave him a kick; and the latter fell, uttering the onomatopoeic sounds of *kiawur*. The Bobbili cock, now holding a wing in his mouth as a trophy, jumped on the chair and lustily crew seven times in succession. Upon which the Vellamas shouted for joy, exclaiming: "The beating, by Bobbili, of foes is a fact patent to all signifying a wholesale consternation in the whole country.\* The handling of spears by Bobbilians is known as far as Anagoondy," and holding the victorious cock in their hands all the while. But Vijayarama Raj was in great chagrin, and commanded that 100 cocks and 1,000 cocks, should be brought out at a time and staked. Accordingly 100 and 1,000 cocks, with knives attached to their wings, were brought out at a time and staked, and the Bobbili cock, sporting in the manner of a peacock, would fly with his companions at them and kick many of them, who would, by the volition of their last strength, go up a little, come down and die, the re-

\* In original Telegu "Bobbili debba—Voorantha bobba."

maining few that endured the kick or were half worsted in the fight sought refuge in flight on the uplands of Kulvakul or ran away to the Pusapati land. Highly brave was the Bobbili cock, and so were his companions. With his staring eyes, he with his companion looked here and there or on all sides in search of cocks, but not one was to be seen. The cock now stood before the tent of Vijayarama Raj and seeing his reflections and those of his comrades in the looking glass attached to Vijayarma Raj's chair, and taking them for a batch of cocks now set at liberty to contend with, flew straight in the direction of the looking glass with great animation and kicked at it.

Frightened, Vijayarama Raj commanded his groom to have his horse brought in at once, which having been done, he mounted the charger, despite the want of a bridle, and began fleeing; and while fleeing looked back and espying Paupa Rao laughing lustily, spoke unto him. "You have lost the game, Puapa Rao, you must leave Bobbili, your eleven villages and Bobbili have become mine—you must leave Bobbili and go into exile. The fortress and Bobbili have become mine; you have lost the wager."

"I did not laugh at your going away; but wondering, whether cocks are so destitute of sense as not to distinguish men from their own species which they seemed to do as they picked at you, set me to laugh, I tell you. I have not laughed at your going away or on seeing the plight you were in."

"What nonsensical talk is this? Why this talk? You have laughed and lost the wager, and that is the end of it. We have entered into agreement previously—not to laugh or cut jokes, but you have laughed; and so, in terms of the agreement, you must leave Bobbili and go elsewhere."

"But why this useless talk? I told you I have not laughed at your going away or on seeing you. Why kill scraping fowls of the dung hill? Why ruthless slaughter of them? We engaged in cock-fighting by way of amusement; so why should there be rancorous feelings?; if you are manly and possess strength of arm, come let us fight, let us take in our hands\* the knives that we have put

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\* Put on to our fingers, in original.

on to the legs of the cocks and fight. Kill me, and putting the "mark\* on the forehead with my blood, rule over Bobbili, or I will kill you, play Vasantbam† with the blood and marking the forehead with it, reign in Pusapati land."

"Alright, fine ! Let these things come to pass. We will, with our sandalled feet, tread on Bobbili till it is disintegrated or disturbed. We will, with our shoe-shod feet, tread on Bobbili to the sinking-point. We will impale the four lords, kill the children at breast with our poignards and violate the girls that are about to arrive at maturity. We would raze Bobbili to the ground, and on its site, raise tobacco. We will, in open daylight, make crows and kites to play on the Raj-Bobbili fortress. Then only will our game be won and the enmity ceased.

"I will kill you, put mark on the forehead with thy blood, and after opening your sides, carry you to my country and fill them with sandstone. And then, I would burn the Pusapati land," rejoined Paupa Rao.

These words having struck fear in Vijayarama Raj he, spurring on his horse, beat a hasty retreat; and while beating the retreat, as if a thought struck him, he cried out that Paupa Rao should be put under guard; and immediately the Sikh guard, the Rohilla guard, the African guard, the Arab guard, the Mahratta guard, and the Mammai guard, in fine, the eleven guards, one after the other, came in and surrounded Paupa Rao and his forces, and thus they were all hemmed in.

"There is no fear, if men, ten times or ten lakhs time greater than this come; accord us permission to fight, O master-who-had-fostered us," spoke the force to l'aupe Rao.

Paupa Rao gave them permission, and himself taking permission from the three gods, Gopalsami, who was born before the fortress came into existence, the golden Mysammah who was on the bastion of the fort; and Hanumunthu rayadu, who was before

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\* The perpendicular caste-mark, Trident of Vishnu.

† As in Holi the Hindu saturnalian festival, in which colour is thrown, but blood would take its place here.

the town—he took in his hand a poignard of the form of mango-root with a wooden handle made of rose-apple tree attached, and jumped into the centre of Poosapati men, and with the onomatopoeic sounds of ‘rhye rhye’ began slaying men like cutting of Indian millet or sugarcane: men’s heads dropping on as they were cut like falling of limes from a lime-tree. Paupa Rao’s force began the work of annihilation shouting: ‘It is not Bobbili, it is Hobbili.’\* The rascal who said ‘beat, beat,’ him they speared, the paramour’s son who said “catch, catch,” him they killed with a kick. Shouting, they would take out spears from their halberds and spear the bearded men possessing half-a-yard of beards and big bellies, from which fat pieces of flesh were falling and kidneys coming down, little pieces dropping as they were cut, and Patalapu Rainannah who put on armour on the hands, with one stroke would bring down the head of a horseman together with that of the horse. The rice and dhall that was some time back eaten now came out in heaps and in the form of waves, the toddy and arrack that were drunk some time back now flowed like streamlets. Those who shouted ‘Allah,’ them, the Bobbili warriors would spear, rejoining there is no ‘allah,’ no ‘pillah’; those who shouted ‘*daru, daru,*’ them, they would spear, rejoining ‘there is no *daru* or *beeroo*’; those who shouted ‘*pani, pani,*’ them they would spear, rejoining, ‘there is no *pani*, no *peeni*.’† Holding 2 or 3 men fast with the feet, they would strike them against the wall. Beating the guards, they would trample on the guard’s place, beating the outposts (*i. e.*, the men guarding it) they would dance on the spot; elephants’ blood and slaughtered men’s blood flowed into the river promiscuously. For seven *gadiyas* they fought the bloody fight and then began their march homewards taking with them their knives‡ and spears.

O with what an enthusiasm they returned: they returned laughing; they would throw the poignards in the air and catch them; O with what a beauty did the Rayadu’s horse’s canter: he moved on gracefully like a dancing-girl, like a peacock. They soon came to a perennial stream and washed their knives, came to a limped

\* Hobbili meaning confusion, a pun on the word, Bobbili.

† In parlance among the Telugus, words are expressed by pairs, the first word having the meaning and the second word none.

‡ In Telugu, Kuthooloo is a collective name for knives, swords, etc., the swords might not have been like highly finished ones of our times, though some of them might have been expensive ones.

stream where they washed their spears ; and then reached Bobbili their own country entering through the fish-eyed entrance.

"Has the cock fighting come off? How have you fared in the game? What have you got by it? A ripe fruit or unripe fruit,\* Puissant Paupa Rao? enquired Lord Runga Rao of his nephew.

"Yes. I fared well, Uncle dear, but in the cock fighting, as you stated, an altercation ensued and ten swords were crossed and I fought for seven *gadiyas*, causing blood of elephants and of men to flow like a flood into the river."

"Oh! oh! Bobbili is doomed. You have incurred the ill-will of the Kamma lord. Would he now permit it to have its being, permit it to remain. Spotless Bobbili has now come to be possessed with a blemish, spoke Lord Runga Rao."

"O Uncle, are you a Vellama or a Pariah that you talk thus? Would he have the courage to come to the fortress? Come what may, I shall see the fun for seven *gadiyas*. What fear is there for Raj-Bobbili? Let dead bodies lie as high as the fortress, we shall not give up our fortress," replied Paupa Rao in fancied security relying on his 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas that were in the fortress.

"But he will bring dubashmen and Frenchmen. He is a wicked man and given to evil ways. No matter it takes 7 years or 700 years, he is sure to take over the fortress. You will, however, steer your course as you think best. You are the ruling authority; why should I speak more," rejoined Lord Runga Rao.

While the events were happening as stated last, the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, giving a force of 600 men, commissioned Hyder Jung to find out whether the Pusapati and Bobbili baronial lords were on good terms, or fought a tough fight; if latter was the case, he was to inform him (Lord paramount) at once; so that he might go and establish amicable relations between them as before.

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\* Rendering of a Telugu idiom meaning "was it success or defeat."

Accordingly Hyder Jung left Golconda with 600 men to make enquiries. Before his arrival in the Pusapati land took place, the lord thereof went in advance to receive him, and after an exchange of civilities, accosted him "O Junior Nawab, Hyder Jung, what have you come here for? What is the business on which you have come?"

"There is cause of my coming," replied he.

"What is it? Pray tell."

"Paupa Rao having remitted the tribute money of Bobbili direct, instead of through you, the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam, sent me to find out whether, in consequence, you and the Bobbili Raja were on bad terms and whether any fighting took place between you both."

"What may I tell you brother, Hyder Jung? He has destroyed my whole force. Puissant Paupa Rao annihilated it,"

"Let his rashness be destroyed, let his pursuit after evil paths be destroyed. It is a good thing that he paid the tribute-money, but the fellow had destroyed my force in a cock-fight on the black river. The fellow who held an inferior position had now come to be at the top of affairs over me. Would I permit him to live? Would I permit the royal fortress to stand? Would you help me? Would you conquer Bobbili and put me in possession of it?"

"Oh! oh! am I of such prowess as to acquire Bobbili from Paupa Rao and put it in your hands? It is not possible for me. I would give you ordinary help, if you give me a bribe. What bribe would you give me?"

"I will give you 8 lakhs."

"It is not sufficient, not sufficient, the bribe is not sufficient."

"I will give you 10 lakhs."

"It is not sufficient, not sufficient, the bribe is not sufficient."

“ I will give you 12 lakhs.”

“ It is not sufficient, not sufficient, the bribe is not sufficient.”  
“ I will give you presents of Tulsenna earrings of gold, gold ornaments of 2 lbs each for the wrists, a gold ornament besides for the waist, weighing 10 lbs.\*

Hearing these words, Hyder Jung laughed and said. “ So be it, but please note that I will come as a helper, or keep myself behind you. I will not take up the sword and fight in the front, moreover what can we two do? as it will not be easily conquered. To conquer it we want one who is a past master in warfare, and prepared to give and receive blows. We want one who conquered some fortresses already.”

“ In that case,” spoke Vijayarama Raj, “ what do you advise me? Do you know of any other king, who would help us? Pray tell his name.”

“ In the south there is Dubash Lakshmiah who is reigning in Bandar. He is a linguist knowing four languages, and is a superior king.”

Finding the advice acceptable, Vijayarama Raj accompanied by Hyder Jung went to the fortress of Bandar (Masulipatam).

Dubash Lakshmiah came in advance of Vijayarama Raj, and making salutations unto him in a humble manner, enquired “ O Raja why did you come to such a distance? What is the business of your coming? Do let me know the object of your coming?”

“ There is business with you. I have business with you. Will you conquer Bobbili, and put it in my possession,” replied Vijayarama Raj.

Hearing these words, Dubash Lakshmiah became troubled in mind, and said, “ What extraordinary prowess do I possess to conquer Bobbili, and put you in possession of it. It is not possible for

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\* This is an incongruity: though Vijayarama Raj could think of no other present suitable, this is quite useless to a Mahomedan except what it would fetch in money and it fetches a good deal when disposed of.

"me to do it. Am I a greater man than yourself? I have not strength to cope with the Bobbili rajahs; but if you ask me to help you, I will, but what would you give me?"

"I would give you 8 lakhs."

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient, the bribe is not sufficient."

"I will give you 10 lakhs, then."

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient, the bribe is not sufficient."

"I will give you 12 lakhs then.\* If that be so, I agree, I would help you, but please note that I will be a mere helper, and keep myself behind you. I will not take up sword and war in the front. The Bobbilians are invincible. We will never conquer them. We will fall at the first stroke, unless we take the help of some other powerful king."

"In that case, do you know of any? If you are able to spend money, I will mention to you the name of a powerful king. He is of the fortress of Pondicherry in the south, and bears the name of Bussy-of-the-French. He has a beard half yard long, and moustaches one foot long. His statesmanship is such that he takes forts in a mere talk, or as a child's play. Bussy is a great name to be conjured with in the fourteen worlds. He would not go back in a battle though the odds be against him. There is no place to put one's foot in his country as it is filled with red faces in numbers like unto red ants. He will fight for 7 years or 1000 years, if necessary. I would tell you what he requires. He will require 7 lakhs of cows that had not given birth to young ones, 7 lakhs of red sheep, 4 lakhs of diminutive black cows, 7 carts of ducks' eggs, 7 carts filled with turkeys and bottles of brandy, 5 lakhs worth of a seamless long coat, 3 lakhs worth of a cap studded with pearls, 1 large mirror as high as the stature of 3 men, and 12 lakhs of money as a bribe. If you give this ransom then only would he open his mouth and speak a word."

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\* Replied Vijiyarama Raj, who was a very rich man though he lacked conversational powers.



"But what's the use of going to him and placing the bribe before him, as when he enquires what rajah had brought it and what he would wish done in return, and we will not be able to reply to him, unacquainted as we are with his tongue," spoke Vijiyarama Raj vehemently.

"I know his language and understand him. I will interpret his language to you, if you pay me one lakh *varas* for each word in advance," spoke Dubash Lakshmiah.

Vijiyarama Raj agreed to pay 10 lakhs for interpreting ten words, and soon putting together the 7 lakhs of cows, the 7 lakhs of sheep, the 4 lakhs of diminutive cows, the 7 carts of duck-eggs, the 7 carts of turkeys and the spirituous liquor (brandy), the 3 lakhs worth pearl-cap, the mirror and the bribe money in a vessel, he set sail with Dubash Lakshmiah and reached Pondicherry situated in the mid-seas, after a voyage of seven days and seven nights; and halted in a garden-house. In due course they went to the French court successively for ten days and ten nights, but could not see the king; for a great king, whose hands are full of work, is not expected to be always present in court. On the 11th day, however, he happened to be in court and they had the 7 lakhs of cows that had not given birth to young ones, the 7 lakhs of red sheep, the 4 lakhs of diminutive black cows, placed before him, but he did not so much as raise his eyes to see them; they then got the cart-loads of eggs and bottles of brandy arranged in rows, but he did not look at them even; they now gave him the seamless long coat, the three lakhs worth pearl-cap and the 12 lakhs of bribe, but he would not speak one word even then. Ultimately they set up the mirror before him in the court and he, not having seen his reflection since his birth, looked in the mirror and laughed a laughter because of the extraordinary length of his moustaches and beard, and exclaiming 'alright! alright!' in all vehemence, began to talk, what was to the Poosapad men, gibberish with the onomatopoeic sounds of *takar*, *beekar keesar basar*; then he broke 24 eggs and drunk the contents thereof as also gulped seven bottles of brandy at a stretch.

Dubash Lakshmiah explained to Bussy their errand as follows:—

"Hearing of your name and fame Vijiyarama Raj, raja of half of as much dominions as you possess and who pays a tribute to the Lord paramount, His Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda, has come specially for you. He has brought a bribe. Accept it and then conquer Bobbili, put it in his possession and go your way."

"Is the royal fortress situate on a higher elevation of land or lowly situated, and when shall we attack either at day or at night? Shall we have the kites play on it during day? Shall we trample on it with our shoe-shod feet till it is disintegrated? or shall we tread on it with our sandalled feet to the sinking-point," spoke Bussy-of-the-French.

"It is situated on a higher elevation of land, it is not lowly situated. Bobbili is a village consisting of a few mean houses," replied Dubash Lakshmiah.

"If that be the case, I will reduce the place in a moment. It is not a matter of great consequence. I will trample on it with my shoe-shod feet and disintegrate it, I will tread on it with my sandalled feet to the sinking point," spoke Bussy-of-the-French.

It is Dubash Lahshmiah who informed Vijiyarama Raj of Bussy's great name and consequence: it is he in fact who brought him here yet it is he who now dissembled matters as if he would dissuade Bussy from the undertaking; for he (Bussy) considered that Bobbili was easy of acquisition.

"O Bussy, Sir, are you deluded by the statement made that 'Bobbili is a small village consisting of a few houses' exclaimed he, 'Don't you comprehend things thus, being under the influence of toddy and spirits. Bobbili is a strongly fortified place and ruled over by four Rajas. Moreover one man is a match for 100 men. The place is small yet the name is not to be slightly spoken of. Apart from the fact of the prowess of men, I tell you that the prowess of even women had come to be known as far as Delhi itself. They will not permit the Frenchmen to cook their meals, to bring their water, or to make use of the winnow, (to remove

"the chaff of the husked rice).<sup>\*</sup> With water-pots on their heads and children on their hips, and a bundle of spears hanging on at their back, they are prepared for any emergency as their past history is an evidence."

Hearing these words, Bussy was frightened and spoke unto Dubash Lakshmiah. "If I have life in me I would subsist on *Balchi koora*—a kind of greens—may the bribe go to perdition. Vijiyarama Raj wanted to play mischief with me; he was on the eve of getting me killed as if by tying both my hands. If Pondicherry be in my possession that is enough. I do not want any bribe. I refuse to come. I have nothing to do with the undertaking."

Looking at this turn of affairs, Dubash Lakshmiah who was the cause of the misunderstanding or who threw the apple of discord, now began setting matters aright by speaking unto the French king as follows:—

"Were you frightened, O Bussy Sir, you, frightened who have conquered forts by sheer talk or mere threatening? Bobbili is of yesterday's growth, Bobbili's greatness dates from yesterday. Further you are not to wage a war alone; there are three kings who are to be your auxiliaries: Hyder Jung the nephew of His Highness the Nizam, the king of Golconda, Vijiyarama Raj and myself will combinedly fight. Accept the bribe, reduce the fortress, and putting it in possession of Vijiyarama Raj, go your way. It does not redound to your credit to go back thus. It is not good that you should refuse the bribe when it has come to you. If the money is not enough, inform him of it and he will give more: he is very wealthy."

"In that case, if I am paid one lakh of rupees per stage in advance I would go; otherwise I refuse, point-blank, to undertake."

Vijiyarama Raj, being informed of the above circumstances, agreed to the terms without going back; and Bussy, with his force

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<sup>\*</sup> This is essential before the rice is washed and put on the fire-place for being cooked to be partaken with curry.

of red-faces, set out on the voyage lasting for 14 days and 14 nights; and avaricious of money, he would go only by slow stages, or stop at small distances and demand money; after getting which, he would kill 100 cows, serve out a seer of raw flesh and a bottle of brandy to each soldier, and then move on.

It is with delight he reached Bobbili along with the other rajahs, and at once employed black-faced Chenchoo guards numbering 3,000 strong on the outskirts of the country. His force here was augmented by those of 13 feudatory chiefs who, with 2,000 or 3,000 men coming to meet their superior lord in each case offered themselves to fight on behalf of Vijiyarama Raj. The forces thus came up to one lakh which set out in a body to attack a small country though that country teemed with brave and formidable souls. When they came near, the four kings sat in a conclave and passed resolutions unanimously, that it was not fair to go to Bobbili during day for they would not be permitted even to take their meals, or Paupa Rao would destroy them in half an hour, but at midnight when the children and men are fast asleep and the hour lending itself so excellently that the fortress would be invested without any difficulty and razed to the ground before the Lord of Day appears on the horizon.

Let the story stop here for the time.

Now in the Durgammah fortress, Paupa Rao's sister was celebrating her son's marriage; she sent a letter to her brother to come and be present at the marriage ceremony of his nephew, concluding it with an upbraid that, if he came not, she would be no more his sister and he no more her brother, and that there would be no more relationship or seeing of each other's faces any more.

Taking the letter with him, Paupa Rao came to his Uncle Lord Runga Rao and solicited permission to be present at the marriage ceremony of his sister Sectammah's son at Durgamma fortress, adding that if he failed to attend, the failure would be noted—the fair sex especially note failures—to the day of his death.

"You have incurred the ill-will of the Kamma Rajah which should not have been incurred; you have brought a blot upon Bobbili which it had not before. It is not known whether he will come by day or by night. You are the carnivorous lion eminently fitted to be in charge of the fortress, you are the tusker eminently fitted to be in charge of the fortress. If you are gone, Bobbili would be wiped out of existence. In the fairness of things you should not go," spoke Lord Ranga Rao.

"Vijiyarama Raj, who fled from me, would he have the will to come? What! would he come before day-break? I would be back and in the fortress before the day breaks dispelling the darkness of the night. If I don't go, there would be blame attached to me to the longest day of my life," replied Paupa Rao.

"Do as you wish"; rejoined Lord Ranga Rao, "Bobbili would be destroyed. It is doomed, Bobbili is doomed."

Accompanied by his friend as precious as life, Miryaloo Seetanah, a Komati by caste, who rode on an ash-coloured horse, and himself mounting his sky-coloured charger, "Rocket-speed," Paupa Rao set out straight by the way of Machoo pond, passed the Paupa Rao's lime garden, the eleven villages and the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam's boundary stones, and ultimately reached Dur-gammah's fortress, where the brother and sister exchanged civilities and conversed on various topics. Paupa Rao, then, visited Gona Govind Rajuloo, Gona-kapu by caste, an old intimate friend of his. In due time the marriage procession set out with great splendour, added the more by the dancing and singing of a troupe of dancing-girls, by the beating of drums and blowing of trumpets, and by the noise and sounds created by the horn and flageolet amidst the flare of torches and giving out of red and green lights, and going up of rockets and Catherine's wheels giving scintillation in the higher heavens. Thus it passed throughout the streets the whole night, and it was dawn when it reached the place from whence it started. Paupa Rao having had no sleep during the whole night, was having a few winks of sleep when his friend Gona Govindrajulu called on him and invited him to a game of cock fighting for half an hour, adducing that he was an experienced hand in it. The mention of cock fighting filled Paupa Rao with animation and joy,

and he at once shaking off all drowsiness played the golden net stake, played the pearl-jerk wager.\* There was no end to the bringing of cocks and setting them to fight; and the games were all culminating in drawn ones\* and there was no end to the play; and moreover the fellow Paupadoo was so engrossed in cock fighting, that the thought of his fortress completely escaped from his mind, he wanted, as it were, as the saying went, (*kota jan, illa jan, pilla jan*) that the fortress should take care of itself, the house should take care of itself, and the child should take care of itself. It was an irony of fate that Paupa Rao should have stayed away from his fortress the morning as well as the following evening, so that it might be doomed.

Now the besieging armies of the French, of Vijayarama Raj, and of other kings halted in following places: Hyder Jung's in the Betel-leaf fields on Golconda road—Bussy's in the tamarind grove—Lall Khan raja's on the Tuggoo bastion—Voodhaya Lall Khan's on the bank of the brackish water canal—Dooraneeloo Bussy's by the side of the robber's hill—Dubash Lakshmiah's on the Masulipatam road—Shamar Ali's in the sugarcane cultivation—Dhud Lall Khan's in Paupa Rao's lime garden—Hoosen Ali Khan's in the tobacco cultivation—the French carriages were in the Vengal rayudu's cattle-home—the Powder magazine was lodged on the edge of the Mullaminadevi's tank. The Chenchu guard of 3,000 strength was located in the midst of the black-rocks.

For twelve miles from Bobbili the forces disposed themselves and there was no space to put one's foot there: it was so filled with men, that it looked like the blossoming of *Railla*, looked like the budding forth of *Pullaira*, that it was like unto a growth of mushrooms in the *Pooraba kartai* while the tents including the 12 poled one pitched for Bussy, appeared like rows of grey-cranes; before them, torches burned the whole night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleven marriages were being celebrated that night in the Bobbili beautiful—the marriage of Muthiala Seetannah's grandsons, the marriage of Puspulaiti Vardiah's daughter, of Madugiri

\* They are connected with cock fighting, but it is not precisely known what the particular games are.

Chembool Nayudu's daughter, of Venkatigiri Bungaru Nayudu's son, of a Yerragolla yannadi golla's daughter, of a Gumpataiti Telugu golla's son's daughter, of a Karna-golla's son, of a Komati golla's daughter, of Maddhiala Chellapalli's daughter, of Suraichen-na Kasava's daughter, and of Junior rajah Vengal Rao's marriage. Vengal Rao's marriage procession set out first with 700 Vel-lamas and 300 Telagas (other marriage-processions following), for the temple of Gopalswami existing long before the fortress came into being, and approached the ridge in close proximity to the temple, at the time the most beautiful of the dancing-girls and concubine of Paupa Rao, with silver and gold anklets on was spiritedly dancing before the elephant, and lustily singing '*chanootha kadaka chanootha*,'\* the silver and gold ornaments on the anklets giving out the onomatopoeic sounds of *gullo* *gullo* or pleasant tintinnabulations, Patalapu Ramannah was performing sword-exercise, Bhoyala Timmana was playing kolhahatam with rods and the Brahmins were reciting the temple, to enhance the view of the procession appearing in full splendour by its being illuminated on the four sides with 4 grand lights and 300 little lamps, when the auspicious pots† on the temple were observed to swerve slightly to one side.

Now the Frenchmen, in the encampment, heard the distinct sounds caused by the passing of the procession with the usual concomitants of music at play in full swing, and Bussy spoke unto Dubash Lakshmiah: "We wanted to besiege and defeat them by night, as this is said to be a safe course, as then, the infants and children, and women and men would be sleeping; but to my mind, night and day appear to be as one to the Bobbilians, who seem not to entertain the least apprehension of fear for their country despite our coming with such large numbers; so how can we lay siege to the place. You said that Bobbili is a village despite its great name, but what does this signify? If it be like this, there is no vanquishing of Bobbili."

"How can it be like this for ever, the infants and children getting no sleep! Either a marriage is being celebrated or worshipping of some god is going on. They don't know of our coming, and we

\* A ditty.

† A bad omen.

don't know of the cause of their being jubilant, or keeping awake thus; with a view to ascertain in the matter, we will beat the white man's large drum and play the band and the bells. If they persist as before in being jubilant, and continue making the sounds without cessation, we shall infer that they are fearless of our having come; but if they be silent, we shall take that to mean that they are frightened," replied Dubash Lakshmiah. Accordingly the big drum was beaten and the band played to the accompaniment of the bells, making a clangorous noise.

Now the sounds of the drum in the white men's camp were heard by the Junior Rajah Vengal Rao from his elephant, and he motioned with his hands and feet to put a stop to the dancing of the dancing-girls, saying 'enough, enough,'; which was accordingly done; and to put a stop to beating of drums, striking of cymbals, and playing of flageolets, saying, 'enough, enough,' which was accordingly done, to put a stop to the chanting of brahmins; to put a stop to the sword-exercise, to put a stop to the performance of the various athletic exercises, saying 'enough, enough' which was accordingly done; and soon dismounting his elephant, and getting with the aid of the ivory footboard into the palanquin having a guard of sabres in advance and in rear, he turned back with the 700 Raj-Vellamas and 300 Telagas, commanding the chief palanquin-bearer to proceed sharp; and suddenly reaching the coloured palace inlaid with gems, and the little palace covered with designs, he saluted unto his brother Lord Runga Rao.

Lord Runga Rao returning the salute, burst into exclamation; "Are you a Vellama, or a Mala, that you come back from the procession after going half way. Does the procedure of going in procession half way obtain in the Vellama caste?"

"Where's the beauty of going in procession for the full way when the inferior-in-caste malas had come to take possession of our fortress. Don't you remember that your nephew Paapa Rao crossed swords with Vijayaram Raj in the cock-fight affair. He has now brought Frenchmen, Dubashmen, to invest our place. I have heard the sound of the whitemen's drum," replied Vengal Rao.



"You are under a delusion, brother, a troupe of jugglers came here and asked my permission to give an exhibition of *legerdemain*\*; which I refused. They must have gone back, after taking the dry provisions I gave them to Kothapetta, where they were stopping; and, after taking their meals, they must have sounded their drum. The sounds that you had heard must have been caused by their beating the drum," replied Lord Runga Rao.

"No, no, the French and Dubash men have come to take possession of our fortress. If you don't believe, then, get scaling ladders, and let us go up the Mysammah bastion," spoke Vengal Rao.

Immediately scaling ladders were brought out and set up against the fortress wall, Lord Runga Rao, his brother Vengal Rao and 100 sirdars (military chiefs) went up, and were dumb-founded at the sight that met their gaze.

O Srihari, O Sri Raghupathi Nandana, O Ramchandra Raghurama, O brothers, O relations. Listen, listen. Like the blooming of Pullaira, like the budding forth of Raila, about 24 miles from Bobbili were disposed the French force, resembling grey cranes, as also the forces of Dubash Lakshmiah, of Vijiyarama Raj and of the feudatories; there was not much space as to put one's foot. Before the tents that were pitched the torches were burning.

Lord Runga Rao pensively thought: 'The tusker fitted to carry on the defence of the fortress is not in the fortress, the carnivorous lion fitted to defend the fortress is not in the fortress. Matters have come to such a crisis in Bobbili, that the Rajah is not in the fortress. Destructive factor that was not thought of had approached Bobbili, as ill luck would have it. That charlatan of a Kamma will now triumph in trampling upon Bobbili that was given to punctiliousness, to the sinking-point, he will consign it to water" and soon came to the coloured court inlaid with gems.

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\* In India a juggler has a number of wonderful tricks. He is a tight-rope dancer and performs feats of strength, besides.

The Vellamas, on the other hand, gnashed their teeth, and spoke defiantly : ' If the *Parki* birds have come from the west, and the copper-colour cranes from the east, we are beautiful hawks to attack them. For 12 years the hawks' wings have not been clipped, and they are, moreover, seeking prey ; the spears, also, require sacrifice. If armies greater than these come, there is no fear. If people 10 times greater than the present numbers come, we will not fear. If corpses fall as high as the fortress, there is no apprehension. We will build tombs as far as Golconda. We will sprinkle lime water over them. Whether we live or die is not the question : our name should be handed down to posterity.'

Lord Runga Rao was depressed in spirits, and exclaimed, "Oh, Oh ! It is destined that the village Bobbili should be destroyed in the absence of Paupa Rao."

' Why are you so low-spirited, Raja, Sir ? ' ; spoke some one of the prominent courtiers, " your nephew is a wicked man and given to evil ways. Throughout, he courted the enmity of the Kamma Raja. He is not in the fortress : he is indulging in cock fighting in the Durgammah's fortress. His word is not valid. He has his brother, Dharma Rao. He is not rash but walks in the paths of virtue. He is of a gentler disposition and not given to outbursts of anger. Send for Dharma Rao, Sir. He is a far-seeing man, and you will send him on an embassy to Hyder Jung. Lord Runga Rao thought over the matter for a *gadiya* and commanded that Dharma Rao should be sent for.

Dharma Rao was at the time in the Fencing school : he was instructing young men in fencing. He came to the coloured court inlaid with gems on the royal messenger delivering Lord Runga Rao's message to come over, and saluting unto his uncle, asked, " O what have you sent me for ? What is the business with me, Uncle ? "

" There is cause for sending for you. There is business with you," replied Lord Runga Rao ; " The tusker suited to carry on the defence of the fortress is not in the fortress, the carnivorous lion suited to defend the fortress is not in the fortress. Don't you know how things have progressed in consequence ? "

"O what fear is there in that? Come what may, I shall see the fun for seven *galiyas*. I shall cause the blood of elephants and men to flow into the river. Come what may, we shall not leave the fortress even till the corpses come to be lain as high as the fortress. Come O brothers, come O relations."

"Be patient, be patient. Take things cooly. Patience is sovereignty. That man has brought Frenchmen who are contaminating our fortress. The inferior-in-caste malas are touching our fortress; there are children and women in it. You go on an embassy to Nawab Hyder Jung who is under the Golconda Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam—you go to the Nawab's tent and talk matters over with him with a view to a treaty. Let the siege be removed to some distance."

"I will go. I will go. There is no fear," spoke Dharma Rao, "but what may I say?"

"Say, that for having committed the fault of paying the tribute to the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam of Golconda direct, instead of to the Vijayarama Raj, we will pay an indemnity of 5 lakhs; for placing the presents of the Golconda Lord-paramount in the Pusapati land instead of in our Bobbili fortress, which was also our fault, we will pay an indemnity of six lakhs in advance, and he should arrange to have the siege removed to some distance."

"If this is not found sufficient, what am I to do?"

"Then promise to pay Vengal Rao's marriage allowance money of 7 lakhs."

"If that is not found sufficient, what am I to do?"

"Then promise to pay the revenue of 3 lakhs that we derive from the outpost."

"If that is not found sufficient, what am I to do?"

"Then promise to pay the seven lakhs that we get for keeping up the partition wall; Tulsennah earrings of gold weighing

"2 lbs. each, a girdle for the waist weighing 8 lbs. and rich khil-luts besides."

"If he asks for a bribe, then what am I to do?"

On this question being asked, Lord Runga Rao was aroused to the highest pitch. "Are you a Vellama or a Mala, that you put me 'this question,'" growled Lord Runga Rao; when he asks for a "bribe" said he, "drive a poignard of the mango-root form with the wooden handle attached of rose-apple tree, into his side. Never a bribe is permissible in the Vellama caste."

And now orders having been issued for them to be ready to go with the junior rajah, Dharma Rao, the 700 Vellamas, girding their loins with a sash, got up and with them the 300 Telagas. They took a bath in the little tank of golden stairs, some tied their Chicacole-bordered *dhotees* beautifully, others tied them overnicely; some coiled puggies of light fabric round their heads in a fashionable manner; but all tied fast to the back, a handful of strong ropes; put a poignard of the mango-root form, with a wooden handle made of the rose-apple tree, before the ropes, put round their shoulder that bell-metal shield that was on the clothe's line (inside the house); put at the back knives of ivory handle; kept on the shoulder 12 yards-in-length *paran* spear that should not be forgotten in the Vellama caste, one may forget whatever else; and set out in great delight, the beautiful hawks on their hands disporting, the *kulkoo* birds on the spears sporting, and the sari dogs jumping as high as the knees. Soon the junior Raja, Dharma Rao, came to the temple of Gopalswami and circumambulated it three times, when the *Bachhuna* earthen pots placed on the temple leaned a little to one side, the golden pinnacle became destitute of brightness, the trident marks in gold and silver on the God's forehead, and the green gems of the God round the neck became lustreless, the gold conch shell and disc too, were turned to one side, and the lights kept on the four sides, which were all burning in full blaze, were all of a sudden extinguished. Saluting unto the God with folded hands, Dharma Rao said; 'We are going into the Company's force, and you are the only Being to be at our back as our Helper. You are our refuge and there is no one besides you. You are our tutelary God. The inferior-in-

caste Malas have touched the fortress, besieged the fortress. May this difficulty be averted?" "He asked the Golden Mysamma, resident on the angle of the fortress, not to fail in kindness, and asked Hanumanth Rayudu, resident in front of the town, not to be wanting in kindness.

Soon Dharma Rao, the junior Rajah, commanded the Sowari to proceed further, and the chief palanquin bearer to carry swiftly, the palanquin which was guarded with sabre guard before and behind. With great glee, the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telegas, with the *pigli* birds sporting on the spear-heads, the beautiful hawks disporting on their hands, they themselves exercising with the sticks with the poignard throwing up, and crossing it and receiving it again, moved on into the jessamine bazaar, passed out of the entrance by the machoo pond, passed by the Paupa Rao's lime garden where the French Bussy's 12 poled tent was pitched, passed Vengal Rao's cattle home where the French carriages were housed; went ahead of Mullammadevi's tank where the tents were pitched: at this point the junior Raja advises his charger: 'Come mother, come mamma, you have auspicious marks on the forehead—you have four gray feet, you have an ornament on the neck. We are now going into the French force. There are elephants there greater than thou, don't be afraid on seeing them, there are horses there greater than thou, don't be troubled on seeing them. There are men there with white helmets on, don't be frightened on seeing the white helmets. There are men there in red coats, don't start on seeing the red coats. There are camels there greater than thou, don't be afraid on seeing them. Don't be afraid of cannon balls, don't be afraid of shell. Don't be afraid at the flash of swords.'

The junior Raja Dharma Rao's charger went on dancing like a dancing-girl, the flat stones on the ground being crushed to powder underneath his feet. The French and the Dubash people saw the coming of the Vellamas, and at once raised the shout, 'He has come, he has come, Tandra Paupaya has come.' Great consternation, in consequence, prevailed in the French force; they did not cook their meals. 'Paupadaya, Paupadaya,' [Paupaya has come, Paupaya has come] they would say and soon flee with tents and all, putting on in abstraction, plates on their heads instead of

helmets. Hyder Jung saying 'the sister-abuser has come,'\* in trepidation, sought his way to Golconda, tearing the tent at the back and thus making an exit for himself. Dubash Lakshmiah, also, who had committed so much mischief, was frightened and turned his face towards Machhli-bandar after tearing the tent and making his exit. Vijayarama Raj turned to clear off in the direction of Pusapati land. The forces also were dispersed in various directions and at considerable distances, there was not the least semblance of disposition of forces now remained. While fleeing, Dubash Lakshmiah looked behind attentively, and, saying 'He is not Paupa Rao, he is Dharma Rao, the Prince of Peace,' he whistled to the fleeing forces; and immediately the forces returned, Hyder Jung and Vijayarama Raj with them. The 12 battalions, which returned, installed themselves in their former places, and tents also were pitched where they formerly stood. The eleven guards,—the sabre guard, the African guard, the Rohilla guard, the Sikh guard, the Mummai guard, the Mahratta guard, and other guards came one after another, and took their respective places. As Dharma Rao was now approaching with splendour, orders have been issued for surrounding him; and accordingly, the guards hemmed him in, the twelve battalions followed suit, and accosted him: "*Kon janai walai?*" (who, that is going?) *kon gaon walai?* (which is your country?) "*kidar janai wallai?*" (whither are you going?) *khansai ayai* (from whence are you coming?) *kon moolooksai anai walai?* (which country you hail from?)"

*Kon laidu, meinu laidu* (there is no kon, there is no mein). My "name is Dharma Rao. We are going on an embassy. Permit us to go."

Upon which, the 11 guards had gone aside, so did the French forces. The Bobbili Vellamas and the Telagas now gave free scope to martial exercises, throwing up the sword, crossing it and catching same with other sword, &c., in such a wreckless manner as striking fear in the French breasts; and, then, they went round Dubash Lakshmiah's tent three times. Dubash Lakshmiah was greatly frightened, and ordered that 100 chairs should be brought out, and arranged in rows, giving the invitation at the

\* Banchote is the Urdu expression. It is a very common mussulman abuse.

same time: '*Bhaito rai, Bhai, baito.* (O sit down brother, sit), Dharma Rao.' He was about to take his seat upon one of the chairs, when Patalapu Ramannah, who was by his side, gnashing his teeth, spoke unto him 'Are you a Vellama or a Mala that you condescend to sit on a inferior-in-caste Mala's chair. No success attends by sitting on a pariah's chair. There is no permission to sit on a mala's chair?' So saying he formed a seat with the spear sticks, one laid upon another crosswise, and Dharma Rao the junior Rajah, seated himself on it.

"Salutation of meeting unto thee," spoke Dubash Lakshmiiah.

"Salutation unto thee, Dubash Lakshmiiah," returned Dharma Rao."

"Where are you going Rao Dharma Rao? What have you come here for, leaving Bobbili fortress? Are you going to visit Hyder Jung or visit the king? What would you wish, and how would you express your wishes, as you do not know the language of the French, and they don't know your own language."

"Hear O Dubash Lakshmiiah, you know the French language, and, as you have taken a bribe and came to the help of Vijaya-rama Raj, would you not be our friend as well, so far as a language is concerned? In other words would you not make the French king understand our wishes in his language, and give a passport in our language of what he says?"

"What would you give, if I give you the help?"

"I will give Tulsennah-earrings of gold, gold ornaments for the wrists, weighing 2lbs each, and a gold girdle in circlet pieces for the waist."

"So be it, I will give you the help, but it is not enough: what would you give further?"

"I would give you rich khilluts."

"But what bribe would you give me?"

"On hearing these words, Rao Dharma Rao was very wroth, and, taking up his poignard of the fox-tailed form with the wooden handle of rose-apple tree attached thereto, was on the eve of running it through him, when Dubash Lakshmiah showed his sacred thread\* from underneath the lower part of his tail-coat, and imploringly asked him to desist from what he was doing in these words : "I am a Tirupathi† Brahmin, I am a slave from Tirupathi, I am a Kayestha Brahmin, vouchsafe unto me the gift of life. I do not want anything. I shall interpret what you may say to the French king, and tell you in your own language of what he tells by way of "reply. I do not want anything for rendering these services."

Drawing back the poignard, Dharma Rao said : "Had you asked other presents of me, I would have willingly given, but bribes, never. The very mention of the word puts me into uncontrollable temper, would Bobbili's wealth be had thus ? Bobbili's wealth is never given in bribe ; and as it is not easily got, it won't sink in water, it won't burn in fire."

Now Dubash Lakshmiah offered himself to go to Hyder Jung's and previously inform him of Dharma Rao's proposed visit to him, requesting Dharma Rao at the same time to tarry where he was for a while. To which Dharma Rao gave assent.

"Salutation of meeting unto thee, junior Nawab," spoke Dubash Lakshmiah, raising his hands unto his forehead.

"Salutations unto thee in return," uttered Hyder Jung, putting the question. "What urgent business brings you here Dubash Lakshmiah ?"

"I have come to inform you beforehand of Bobbili Rajah's "proposed visit to you."

"If Paupa Rao of Bobbili has come, tell him that I have gone away."

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\* To have regard for his person, he being a brahmin. Killing a brahmin is a great sin, the other equally great sins are those of killing a child, killing a foetus in the womb.

† A place of pilgrimage in Southern India.



"No, no, it is not Paupa Rao, it is his brother, Dharma Rao, that has come. He is of serene disposition and a man of good sense."

On hearing these words, Hyder Jung was pacified to a degree and enquired: "Has he come with rash intentions and bent on an evil course?"

"Oh! oh! what may I say? May his rash intentions and pursuit of an evil course come to nothing. He has come with 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas in regular army order and without the least apprehension of fear, brandishing the sword in rashness and wicked intent."

"Then tell him that his coming to see me with his large force will create a good deal of noise before my tent, but he is at liberty to come with 100 Vellamas only, and state what he has to state."

Dubash Lakshmiah returned to his tent and making salutations unto Dharma Rao, informed him of what Hyder Jung spoke, that if he wanted to meet him before the tent, which he was at liberty to do, there should be less noise, and therefore only 100 Vellamas should accompany him.

On hearing the words of Hyder Jung, Dharma Rao spoke unto his men. "Hear O Vellama sons. O where have you gone Bobbili's men? Listen, I am going on a visit to the King, to speak a few words, and you stop where you are. We are going to discuss treaty; and if the treaty is entered into and the investment removed off to a distance of 7 yards, I will signal by means of a white cloth handkerchief. If unhappily, an altercation ensues in conformity with the will of God, I will signal by means of a red cloth; when you may obtain permission from Gopalswami who was in existence before the fortress came into being, obtain permission from golden Mysammah, and from Hanumantharayuda, and uttering the war-cry *Bhaja govindam, Bhaja govindam* (Praise be unto Govinda, praise be unto Govinda) wage war annihilating men."

Soon after this, Dharma Rao left with his small force complete in the panoply of war, Chikal Venkannah the master of 600 and King's messenger, Vindla Ramajogi the master of

lancers, Patalapu Ramannah the foremost man of the force to be ready at a moment's notice, Bhoyuloo Madhulaiti the master of cock fighting, Jatoola Veerannah the boxing master, all were going with him in high spirits: cutting capers, jumping and shouting at the top of their voice 'it is not Bobbili, it is *Hobbili*,' and exhibiting not the least fear, while the beautiful hawks sported on the hands and the *pagli* birds disporting on the spear heads. The Frenchmen and company's men were frightened on seeing the force with the Bobbili warriors pass thus in review.

Soon Hyder Jung's pavilion was reached, when 300 of retan chairs were brought out and arranged in rows and the Bobbili Raja invited to take his seat. "Baito rai Bhai, baito Dharma Rao."

"We have no permission to sit on a mahomadan's chair, we obtained no permission from Gopalswami existing before the fortress, obtained no permission from Bangaroo Mysammah on the bastion and no permission from Hanamanthu Rayudu residing before the village."

"Then, where will you sit, Dharma Rao?"

Upon which Dharma Rao beckoned unto Yaisapa Nayudu with his right moustaches, who at once formed a seat by means of spear-sticks, one laid upon another cross-wise. Sitting on his knees thereon, Dharma Rao exchanged civilities with Hyder Jung: "Salutations unto thee, Junior Nawab."

"Salutations unto thee in return" spoke, Hyder Jung; "but why did you leave Bobbili? What is your errand?"

"But why did you come leaving Golconda? What is your errand?" rejoined Dharma Rao, putting a counter question.

"I have no business with you. Tell me where your brother is. Again, I say, I have no business with you. Where is Paupa Rao who laid the wager?"

"My brother Paupa Rao, the carnivorous lion (suitable for the defence) of the fortress is worshipping in Gopalswami's tem-

"ple. He will come down in time. He will be here within 7 *gadiyas*."

Hearing these words, Hyder Jung trembled.

Dharma Rao, the junior Rajah, observing reticence for a while, reasoned with him, "Why are you angry with us, Hyder Jung. The food that we eat is of the Lord-paramount's, the clothes that we wear are of the Lord-paramount His Highness.' The houses that we are staying in belong to the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam, and the fire places that we have set up belong to the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam; so what fault have we committed that you should frown on us? The muslim's house is the house where we have taken our birth. For my brother's fault of paying tribute to the Lord-paramount direct instead of to Vijayarama Raj of Pusapati land, we shall pay an indemnity of 5 lakhs. For the breach of placing the presents received at the hands of the Lord-paramount the king of Golconda in the Pusapati land, instead of in our own country, we shall pay an indemnity of 6 lakhs in advance. If you have the siege raised for 7 *gadiyas*, as you are the Lord-paramount of the whole country, we shall pay those 5 lakhs that we receive as tribute on lands; and the raising of the siege is highly essential as there are at present in the fortress of Bobbili, women on the cots who have brought forth children and not in a state of convalescence.

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient," spoke the avaricious Hyder Jung with a gaping mouth. Upon which, Dharma Rao spoke, "If you come to Bobbili, we shall give Vengal Rao, the "junior Lord's marriage allowance of 7 lakhs."

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient," spoke Hyder Jung "again. "In that case, we shall pay the income of 3 lakhs that is "derived from the outpost."

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient."

"In that case we shall pay the six lakhs that we get from "the partition wall."

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient."

"In that case we shall pay the 7 lakhs provision-money of the fortress."

"It is not sufficient, it is not sufficient."

"We shall then, give presents of Tulsennah ear-ornaments of gold weighing 2 lbs each, gold ornaments for the wrist weighing 2 lbs each, a golden girdle in circlet pieces for the waist weighing 12 lbs."

"Alright I would have the siege raised then, but what bribe would you give me?"

On mention of bribe, Dharma Rao was aroused to the innermost depths of his soul, the face covered with crimson; and he taking out his poignard of the form of fox-tail with a wooden handle attached of rose apple tree, spoke in great vehemence: "You are not a true moslem. You are only a betel *beeda*\* giving Kissandar (kidmatgar?) to His Highness the Nizam, you have not forgotten the old habit latent in you of having sold man-goes in the streets of Golconda. You have not forgotten the old habit lurking in you of having sold vessels of glass. You are only a groom and harlot's son to boot. You have not put a stop to talking stylishly like moslems rearing goat-beards, or talking reverently like moslems possessor of goat-beards."

Hyder Jung quailed before the wrath of Dharma Rao the junior Raja, shouting at the same time for his groom "Bring me the horse, bring me the horse, Goondal Appannah." The horse was soon brought in without the bridle, however, and Hyder Jung, despite it, mounting the animal, fled, giving the order, however, instead of merely going away, to close up the guard against Dharma Rao, and soon all the twelve guards surrounded the Bobbili's men. The Bobbili's men gnashed their teeth in anger and spoke unto the Raja the Rayadu: "What fear is there. Give us permission, give us permission to fight, and see the fun. Come

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\*NOTE—A beeda consists of a few betel leaves, a few pieces of areca nut, a little chunam (lime) a little catechu, and 2 or 3 seeds of cardamom. These are folded into a small triangular packet with the aid of a clove. Such little packets for chewing are for sale in innumerable numbers in the bazaars, in the stalls, in the theatres, etc.

"what may, we cannot endure this situation ; our caste will be contaminated if we be surrounded like this by the inferior-in-caste "malas."

"Quiet, be quiet, Bobbili's men, for a while," spoke Dharma Rao, giving the main army, the red-signal. The Vellamas saw the red-signal, and then looking at each other in the face, shouted, "*Govindham, Govindham, Bajagovindham*" (Govinda, Govinda, Praise be unto thee, Govinda); and begged permission of their tutelary God to fight, and invoking Him, 'O Gopalaswami who have taken birth before the fortress came into being, O Gopalswami, you are the only being at our back to shield us completely.' With the force there were young men whose turmeric cloths (they were married quite recently) were not as yet dirtied, whose *Brahma basingaloo* were still attached (tied) to the forehead and who had on their heads still (in the hair of the head, of course, a few grains of rice) the *Brahma achintalu*, and who had still the *kankanamu* on the wrists; these also, after taking permission from the three deities, poured the contents of the *vadibaleo giunay* that was in the lap on the ground, put the *Brahma basingaloo* on to the spears and the *Brahma kankanamu* on to the poignard, as symbols that their true marriage was to be celebrated by firing of guns, the turmeric-paste\* becoming the powder for the guns. The Bobbilians in a mass fell on their enemies making a great yell, and simultaneously began cutting their throats and bellies resembling gourds. Fat pieces of flesh and men's kidneys came down. The little bowels came out, as they were speared; the food that was eaten sometime back now came out in heaps and like unto the waves, the brandy-spirit that was drank and the raw flesh eaten sometime back were now vomitted. There were heard the sounds caused by the strike of the sword, the poignard, and the javelin. He who uttered 'Allah, allah' as he was giving up his ghost, he was given the rejoinder '*Allah laidu pillu laidu*' (there is neither Allah nor child) and spear thrust at his side. He who uttered '*maro maro*' (beat, beat) he was kicked violently; he who spoke *pakdo, pakdo* (catch, catch), he was brought to the ground and kicked outrageously.

\* The turmeric-paste is rubbed on to the forehead, to the chest, the arms, the hands, the legs and the feet of the bridegroom and bride during marriage, which, among the Hindus, is a number of ceremonies, (turmeric-paste rubbing is one) the final or important one is that of ratification known as the *Thali*-tying.

They who asked for water : *Pani, pani*, as they were giving up their ghosts, they were simply given the reply, "There is no '*pani* no *peeni*.' The Bobbilians fell on the French people and numbers were killed and were giving up their ghosts showing no signs of fear of death and yet, in consequence of the fierce struggle, such a panic came over the generality of Frenchmen, that preparatory to their flight they would put on plates, out of which they ate, on the heads taking them for helmets, while three men would be seen carrying a sword distractedly. Patalapu Ramannah accoutred his hands in steel; and his strength was comparable to that of a monster elephant as he would kill a camel by one stroke of his sword. In the struggle, the poor (mercenary) moslems, who were innocent of warfare, fared worse at the Bobbilian's hands who preliminarily throwing up the poignard in glee and crossing them with another, would fight uttering, "It is not Bobbili it is hobbili." With great spirit and courage they fought without cessation for seven *gadiyas* and then, washing their poignards in the deep ponds looking in the intensity of black, and the spears in the limpid streams, they set out for their country.

Now, in the tamarind grove, Bussy adjusting his glasses looked through and said, "If these men, who are such fighters and "riders as mounting their steeds before the tethers are removed, "once entered the fortress of Raj Bobbili, there would be no dis-lodging them therefrom in 7 or 1,000 years; the fortress is im-pregnable: it would not come into our hands."

"But I would destroy them before they enter the fortress," spoke Lall Khan who was posted on the Tuggoo bastion.

Accordingly, at the entrance of the fortress, he spread combustible matter, as also planted on the ground razors, *kodi kathooloo*, *pulla goondloo*, *raika goondloo*, *munja goondloo*, cannon balls and *chitrapu ralloo*, and other leaden balls.

The Raydu's horse, which was a divine one, stood before the ground spread over with combustible matter, and immediately kicked back, as he could not endure the strong odour of the powder. Upon which Dharma Rao encouraged the horse with kind words to proceed on; 'Passer of the clouds, passer of the air,

proceed on'; but the horse still showed a tendency to keep back, and now Dharma Rao implanted a kick at the left side, and the animal smarting under it, arose in the air like a hawk, and jumped right into the combustible matter but only falling short by 1,000 yards. With him jumped the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas into the combustible matter which Lall Khan had spread, and immediately the cannon balls and *jajai* balls that were stuck in the ground exploded with sounds of 'Dham dham,' the darja balls exploded with the sounds of 'durra durra,' palla balls with the sounds of 'pata pata,' the *chattrapu* stones with the sounds like those of a winnower, while the *kodi kathooloo* moved circularly like wheels. Taking in the situation after observing on all sides, they spoke unto Dharma Rao: "O master who-has-brought-us-up. Our lives are departing, our lives are departing in the mala's combustible area; accord us permission and then see the fun." They also asked Gopalswami of permission to fight, as also asked Bangari Mysammah and Hanumanthu Rayudu of permission to fight, and then taking permission from Paupa Rao and shouting at the top of the voice that 'it is not Bobbili, it is hobbili,' fought with the men that surrounded them, and amidst the explosion of *jajai* balls, *pulla* balls, *nunja* balls, cannon balls, and *kodi kathooloo*; and horrible was the fight: so many fell to the swords and javelins. The Raydu's horse also behaved well carrying his master: whenever a ball came before him he would bend low allowing the ball to pass over without any danger to his master, whenever the ball came below he would jump high up and allow the ball to pass under without any danger, if the ball came to the right he would swerve to the left, and if to the left he would swerve to the right; with such stratagems he came out of the combustible area with his master, safe. In the midst of the combustible area, Patalapu Ramannah, quite careless of everything transpiring before him, and heedless of danger, performed sword-exercise; and while so performing, he confronted a passing cannon ball which lodged itself at his side.

"Life is departing. Life is departing, most certainly" shouted Patalapu Ramannah.

"What is it? What is it?" asked Dharma Rao.

"My life is departing, my life is departing. O master who has brought me up, while performing sword-exercise in the combustible area I am struck by a cannon ball at the side."

Dharma Rao inclining to one side in a sorrowful mood, exclaimed. "O Patalapu Ramannah, when you were a child, son Ramannah, we brought you up on cow's milk. You are the best of the warriors, you are as great as Paupa Rao by half. Your death would pave the way for the destruction of Bobbili which it had not anticipated. Hold fast the wound and come into the fortress, and I will cause it to be healed by applications of plaster."

"If the wound is healed, would the stigma heal?" spoke Patalapu Ramannah. "Would I have the Military Government of the fortress of Raj Bobbili again? There is no other pleasure greater than that of death. Receiving the badge of the Mala, how would I have my being and perform my duties? Give me permission to depart"

"Who am I to accord you permission? You take permission of the Raja, permission of the senior Lord, Runga Rao, of the junior lord, Vengal Rao, of Gopalswami, of Bungaru Mysammah, and of Hanmanthu Rayudu. When you shall have obtained permission of these, consider you have obtained mine also," spoke Dharma Rao.

Accordingly Patalapu Ramannah asked permission of Raja Paupa Rao of Bobbili, asked permission of Lord Runga Rao, of Vengal Rao, permission of the tutelary deity Gopalswamy existing before the fortress came into being, of Bungaru Mysamma and of Hanumanthrayudu, and assuming that he had now received permission of Dharma Rao, the junior rajah, and exclaiming that it was not destined that he should partake of his mother's milk and serve under Bobbili any more but should resign to the will of providence, for considering he had lived even to 1000 years he could not avoid (passing) the river,\* he planted the *paran* spear measuring six yards in length on the ground, and with the firmness of his feet and volition of his strength he rose high in the air

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\* In Tennysonian language, 'crossing the bar.'



with the name of Govinda on the lips and, fell on it with his chest pointed straight to it which, one would have wished, had been burnt came on to the other side after penetrating the chest.

Dharma Rao, the junior Rajah, then, gave Patalapu Ramannah a burial with Military honours befitting his position as a military Commander; and came back to the coloured court inlaid with gems, came to the little court covered with designs and saluted unto his Uncle.

Lord Runga Rao returning the salute exclaimed: "Oh you have returned from the ambassadorial work entrusted to you, so may I know whether that has turned out to be a ripe fruit or an unripe fruit. May I know whether the business was crowned with success or the reverse, tell me at once.

"No good came of the embassy; on the other hand an altercation ensued and I, giving 10 sword-strokes on the unripe fruit and cutting it open, have come back; and the flower of the force, Patalapu Ramannah received a cannon ball in the combustible area and died," spoke Dharma.

On hearing of the death of Patalapu Ramannah, Lord Runga Rao became sorrowful to the extreme, and exclaimed: "O Puissant Ramannah, I remember you as a little child having been brought up on cow's milk. You were half a valiant as Paupa Rao; by your demise the fate of Bobbili is sealed. Without Paupa Rao, the village Bobbili would be destroyed. The carnivorous lion is not in the fortress: may his golden-jerk wager go to perdition, may his pearl-net wager go to perdition. Vijayarama Raj brought Dubashmen and Frenchmen, and they have invested the place. If we don't send for Paupa Rao at once Bobbili would be destroyed.

"There is the Raja's courier, Venkannah, who is a master of 600, why don't you send him?" said one of the courtiers.

"Would you go, Chikal Venkannah to Durgammah's fortress," spoke Lord Runga Rao.

"Yes, master, I will go. What fear is there for Raj-Bobbili? Give me a *paran* spear measuring 6 yards in length and I am off to fight."

"It is against the dictates of duty to talk thus; for you would not be able to fight with the company's men. You cannot conquer the French forces accoutred as a Bobbili warrior. You will not be able to carry a letter as you are. We will disguise you."

Accordingly Courier Venkannah was disguised: they applied ashes to the man's body, they clothed him in the *peepal* bark and making a cocoanut-fibre selvedge, passed it round the waist; they provided him with an umbrella, a calabash, and they gave him wheaten cakes, dried dates and sugarcandy. Then, Lord Ranga Rao wrote a letter, no bigger than an atom, which ran as follows:—

"You have courted the enmity of the Kamma lord, the blood-thirsty Vijayarama Raj. and regardless of all dangers now engaged in cock fighting in Durgammah's fortress. He has now brought in Dubashmen, Frenchmen and the forces are stationed about 24 miles distant from Bobbili. Patalapu Ramannah half as brave as yourself is no more. The carnivorous lion suitable for (the defence of) the fortress is not in the fortress: You will come at once on seeing this; if you don't, Bobbili which is now invested will be destroyed." This letter, having been carefully put in the folds of a wheaten cake, was entrusted to Chilkal Venkannah for being delivered to Paupa, Rao the reigning lord of Bobbili. While taking the letter Chilkal Venkannah held out his hand for a six-yards-in length *paran* spear being given unto him and this was refused, Lord Runga Rao remarking, "It doesn't become thee to ask that, disguised as you are. If they see it with you, they would infer at once that you are a Bobbili warrior and deal out instant death. It does not become thee to ask for the spear."

Chilkal Venkannah extremely grieved at heart on his request not being granted, exclaimed "O master who has protected me, would you have me killed by tying my hands thus"; and soon bracing himself up, taking the name of Hanamanthu rayudu and mentally praying unto him to be his helper, he saluted unto the

colored-court inlaid with gems and the little court covered with designs set out, and soon emerging outside, exclaimed, "I am a *gosai*, coming from Golconda, I am a *Bhyragi* coming from Hindupur, give me charity, give me charity."

So completely disguised was he, and so well did he play the role of a *gosai*, that his cries for charity attracted the notice of Lord Runga Rao's Queen Devi Mallammah and Paupa Rao Raja's consort the beautiful Ravanamma in their palaces situate some distance away from the royal courts. 'No *gosai* comes here; this is the only occasion of a *Bhyragi's* coming down here; let us give charity' said they; and soon bringing out wheaten cakes sugar-candy and dates, asked the supposed Hindu fakir to take out his *joli* to receive them.

"Were you deceived by my being in this guise? Have you not brought me up on cow's milk, O mother Devi Mallammah."

"What a beautiful disguise you are in: as it is now impossible to make you out, Chikal Venkannah," spoke the Queen.

"I am going to Durgammah's fortress. I am going to bring Paupa Rao by informing him of the place having been besieged by the French forces."

"Go, go in haste. May you go and return safe with success."

Making obeisance unto the royal ladies, and telling them that that was his last occasion of meeting them he left them; and again took up the cries of the *gosain* creed. "I am a *gosai* from Golconda. I am a *bhyragi* come from Hindupur. Give me charity, give me charity."

Thus he passed the Jessamine bazaar, passed Machoo pond, crossed Paupa Rao's lime garden where the French Busey had encamped, crossed Vengal Rao's cattle-home, and hardly had he turned an angle at the Mallammadevi's tank and got into the encampment, when the sabre-guard shouting, "*Pakdo, pakdo,\* Banchothe Byragikoo, Para bandho, byragikoo,*" made him his

\* Hindustani, catch, catch, that sister-abuser of a mendicant, put the mendicant under guard.

prisoner and accosted him, *kourai bhai, kidar janaiwalla, kidar ayai*; (who are you, brother? where are you bound for? where have you come?)

"*Konlaidu, Meenlaidu* (there is no kon, there is no meen), "I am a Bhairagi from Hindupur. I am going to Kashi, "Rameshwar; let me go."

"If you are a true *Bhairagi*, then come to our master Bussy "of the French's tent" so saying, the guard dragged him before Bussy, the French Lord, who had moustaches one foot long, and beard half a yard long. With a view to strike fear in the *gosai*, so as to elicit truth from him, the French Lord talked volubly to the man in what was to him gibberish (*keesar basar*), or some weird tongue, and lastly in Hindustani prefaced with an English word, 'Alright *kidar ayai, kidar janawala*,' the aim moreover was to find out whether the man would falter in his reply.

"I am a Hindupur Byragi. I am a solitary *gosai*. I have no "wife or children. I am coming from Calcutta and bound for "Rameshwar and Kashi. I went to Pusapati land where I could "get no charity, then I wended my way to Bobbili where I got "charity. From thence I am returning after having baked a "wheaten cake and partook of it when some of your soldiers "brought me here," spoke the disguised man.

"I see some mischief is brewing in the air," uttered Bussy.

The French soldiers then made a thorough examination of the Bobbili warrior. They felt in the hair and top-knot of the head and found nothing, again they felt under the armpits and found there also nothing; then they felt around the waist and there was nothing there, again they looked at the back and found there too nothing.

"Well *Byragi*, you are a *Byragi* true enough, but I will "consider you as such and fall at your feet if you read the Koran "that I have learned to read. Otherwise I will consider you a "stalwart hero of Bobbili in disguise and nothing else," and suit- ing his action to the words expressed, Bussy put a copy of the Koran before the Bobbilian.

Hearing these words, Chilkal Venkannah greatly grieved in the mind and spoke to himself, "O Lord Runga Rao you are getting me killed by tying my hands. The Frenchmen have caught me, my life is being forfeited. Had I but the six-yard-in-length *paran* spear with me, I would have killed the mother-abuser who shouted '*maro maro*,'\* I would have kicked to death the strumpet's son who shouted '*pakio*, '*pakio*,' I would have fought for seven *gadiyas*, and shown to the alien, the heroism of a Bobbilian."

The Rajah's courier was a Vellama by caste and cowherd from early life, and as such was quite innocent of education, as well of arts as of sciences. Seeing the Koran, three-yards-in-length, put before him to read, his courage sank within him, and he meditated within himself, 'O Rangesa, Ranganatha, life is departing, it is unquestionably departing; be kindly disposed towards me. O Knower of the four Vedas, Sri Ranganadhaswami, Protector Lord Runga† O ye possessor of the bird (as a vehicle), do help me to tide over this difficulty. Soon after he contemplated on Gopalswami who was existing before the fortress and earnestly entreated of Him not to fail in kindness as to get him killed by tying as it were, of his hands; he contemplated on golden Mysaminah and Hanamanthurayudu and begged of them not to be wanting in kindness towards him; and the deities treating him indulgently he read out the Koran faultlessly for 3 *gadiyas*.

Bussy at once arose from his chair, and taking hold of the proud Byragi's feet, exclaimed in ecstasy, "Babbaji you are a real *gosai*, I took you for a Bobbili warrior, but you are my *guru*, you are my *kazi*." The French Lord now brought himself to issue a passport for him without the least hesitation, averring at the same time that his men who were addicted to toddy and arrack, and consequently regardless of all dangers might handle him roughly while in an intoxicated state, and hence writing out instructions to his force in very plain terms, that the *gosai* should not be molested in any way, but should be given a handful of wheaten-flour and a milled copper coin at every company's barrack and allowed to depart. Accordingly, the supposed *gosai* from the Golconda coun-

\* Meaning Beat, beat, catch, catch.

† The Deity at Sreerangum, not to be confused with Lord Runga Rao of Bobbili.

try came to each company's barracks, collected wheaten flour and copper coins; and bringing them behind the barracks of each company, he would throw away the flour and the coppers, saying 'why should I take the company's flour? why should I take the inferior-in-caste mala's money?'

Thus Chilkal Venkannah passed the 11 companies, one after the other, and the twelve guards as well in safety. At last he looked on all sides and noticing none, exultingly spoke in fancied security: "I have passed the whole force, the 11 companies and the 12 guards. I have now neared Durgammah's fortress, and Bobbili is now rendered distant from me. I am a master of 600. Why should I go still in disguise when the fear no longer exists?" and soon shouted at the top of his voice. "Were you deceived by my guise, taking me for a *gosai* real and true from Hindupur? The male elephant is in the fortress, the puissant Paupa Rao is in Durgammah's fortress; when I come back I would bring you your mother's husband, your mother's paramour. Would I permit the company's men to cook their food?"

Chilkal Venkannah now thought he had crossed the rubicon, as he was unaware that the Chenchu watch concealed itself in the little hills before and behind him; who at once surrounded him to his great dismay, but the poor fellow was extremely sorry for his indiscreet act, but as it could not be set aright he rose to the occasion at once without a waver, as was expected of a Bobbilian or Vellama: he tore the umbrella cloth of variegated colours, broke the calabash and taking out his knife no longer than a span in length which he had concealed in his person without anybody's knowledge for self-defence in case of an emergency, began slaughtering the enemies, exclaiming "Oh! oh! Bhagvantha I was not aware of the watch that concealed itself in the hills yonder. Life is departing, most certainly it is departing; but acquit myself I must as befits a Bobbilian regardless of overwhelming odds"; as they swarmed out like bees from a honey-comb or ants from a fully-ripened wood apple they were destroyed by the hand of Chilkal Venkannah in the manner of mowing of a ripe Indian millet field, and the knife in consequence reduced to no bigger than a finger in length. The hero now spoke unto himself:—

"Where are you, O Lord Runga Rao, life is departing in the hands of inferior-in-caste company's men. Would to God, I had the six-yards-in-length *paran* spear: how could I bring myself to give my life away to inferior-in-caste malas? I would not have minded a force ten times greater than this, but for the spear. Would I take my birth in my mother's womb again? Would I fight in company's forces again, or seek greater glory? Would I again see Bobbili of such renown? Life is uncertain; existence and prosperity are of short duration, but is there anything sweeter than Death? Death while serving in the cause of Raj-Bobbili." So saying he planted his knife on the ground, and springing up in the air with the volition of his strength, turned a somersault and fell directly on the weapon, which, woe to god that it had been burnt, entered the chest and came at the back.

The Dubashmen and the Frenchmen, taking the dead hero on their heads, came to Bussy's tent and placed him there at full length, as if in a sleeping attitude. Bussy on seeing the dead hero, exclaimed in rage: "O what have you done! may you go to perdition! You have killed a holy man, you have killed my *kazi*, killed my *guru*, I would kill you (pointing his fingers at Vijayarama Raj) and burn Pusapati in revenge." Hearing these words Vijayarama Raj greatly trembled, but soon spoke in a composed and complaisant manner. "O don't give away to anger like that Bussy Sir: he was no *Byragi*; he was a Bobbili warrior in disguise: he fought valiantly; make an examination of his person."

Accordingly an examination was made. They looked in the matted hair; they found nothing there. They looked in the sugar candy; they found nothing there also. And they now took up the wheaten cakes, opened the folds one by one, and in one of them, they found a note smaller than an atom, which they took out and read: "You have courted the enmity of the Kamma lord, the blood thirsty Vijayarama Raj, and regardless of all dangers now engaged in cock-fighting in Durgammah's fortress. He has now brought in Dubashmen and Frenchmen, and the forces are stationed about 24 miles distant from Bobbili which is now invested. Patalapu Ramannah half as brave as yourself is no more. The carnivorous lion suitable for the defence of the fortress is not in the fortress,

you will come at once on seeing this, if you don't, Bobbili, which is now invested would be destroyed.

The company's men laughed a tittering laugh when they came to know that Paupa Rao was not in the fortress: "We shall now destroy Bobbili fortress in a very short time" said they; and soon 11 copper ladders were sent for from Pusapati land, which was quite close, and placed against the wall of the fortress, the French flag was hoisted, and battering-rams were employed helped on by elephants.

Now in the fortress, there were 700 Bairi Komati women the chief among them Bairi Venkatamah harangued: "O get up; get up Bairi Komati women, ladies. We women alone are in our homes, our husbands having gone to the farthest limits of the land and beyond the seas to buy diamonds, amethysts, rubies, topaz, pearls, etc. We are here in our homes, but the inferior-in-caste company's men have besieged the fortress. The toddy-drinking mahomedans do not understand their duty towards womenkind nor the liquor-drinking French soldiers care for their lives. If they see beautiful women, their passions are aroused. If we fall in the hands of such unprincipled men, shall we escape? they will prevail upon our virtue, so let us defend ourselves as best we could." Haranguing over, Bairi Komati Venkatamma, the chief of the Komati ladies, and Bairi Sashamma, Bairi Tulsammah, and other Komati women suckled their infants and little children, fed the grown-up children with milk, gave meals to the girls that have not attained puberty and soon tucked up their *sarees*. Being the wives of an unwarlike section of the Hindu community, they had no weapons such as swords, javelins or daggers in their homes, but what had they then, what have they now? the weight and measures of 4 lbs, 2 lbs, 1 lb and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb; these the women put in the folds of their garments with one mind and clambering up stood on the bastion of the fortress in the attitude of war.

'Deko, deko,\* *bauchote, aureth ko deko, accbai hai, pukdo uskoe, pukdo,*' spoke the sensual mahomedans mischievously

\*Look look sister, what a beautiful girl! at the women: they are beautiful, catch them, catch



pleased at the sight of women. 'Accha kanchani hai,\* koofsooruth hai, pukdo pukdo, uskoo pukdo,' spoke the French soldiers, the beast bestirring in themselves and mightily pleased as if new life was instilled into them.

'Look at the weights, my sons, look at the measures,' spoke the bellicose lady and women, throwing the weights and measures unerringly at the besiegers with their might and main.

'Allah Allah,' bawled out the mahomedan mercenaries, going down and meeting their fate.

'There is no Allah, there is no *pilla* my sons, receive again what is sent,' spoke the komati women, discharging another volley of weights and measures.

'Aurat mara, aurat mara,' muttered the French soldiers hurling themselves down dying with the onomatopoeic sounds *keee pees* like those of monkeys. On other batches of soldiers coming in succession like red ants to replace the dead ones, the komati women for the last occasion rained their weights and measures on their foes and were lost in thought as to what they should further do, their fighting materials having being exhausted, and luckily they hit upon the expedient of making use of the cowdung cakes that had been stacked for the last 12 years.

These cowdung cakes they hurled at the French soldiers with great effect; 'aurat mara, aurat mara,' the soldiers would exclaim and give up their ghosts, and immediately others, like a swarm of red ants, would take their places at once.

The cowdung cakes, were soon exhausted and the komati women had now sweet oil, ghee and castor oil boiled in huge caldrons and poured on the soldiers who were killed by the falling of the hot liquid on their pates, other soldiers, like red ants, taking their place at a moment's notice. The oils also were now exhausted and the resourceful women now thought of the *raggi* that had been buried underground in large earthen pots for the last 12 years, which they took out and grinding into flour, prepared *congee*

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\* "They are good prostitutes, they are beautiful," catch, catch, catch them. The words unfold (I am sorry to relate) that the institution of keeping women for the army (to avoid venereal diseases in the soldiery!) have come to be in existence here even from the beginning of the 18th century when the French and the English were contending for mastery in Southern India.

and poured on the soldiers' heads, all of whom, in consequence, died or were dying, making the sounds 'kees kees' as those of monkeys. They next poured the *congee* on the heads of the elephants that were breaking away the fortress walls with the battering rams, and the elephants, by reason of the hot substance falling on the sensitive parts of their bodies, would wildly scream and stampede, with the onomatopoeic sounds of *rayam rayam*, charging wildly and destroying men that happened to come before them, or to their right or left.

For seven *gadiyas* the komati women fought in a heroic manner and then they, descending from the fortress bastion, suckled infants and children, and fed the girls that were advancing towards womanhood; and confabulating among themselves that nobody witnessed their fight and resolving to fight with the company's forces in the open, they tucked up their *sarees*, and arming themselves with vegetable-cutting knives and rice pounders went to the coloured palace inlaid with gems and to the little palace covered with designs, and saluting unto Lord Runga Rao, spoke "Sir, we women, though we fought a splendid and unparalleled fight with enemies for seven *gadiyas*, nobody saw it. Accord us permission "to fight in the company's forces at Machoo pond."

Returning the salute, Lord Runga Rao replied: "Bairi Venkattamma, you and your brave women, have Gopalswami's permission to fight. Where's the necessity for applying for my permission?"

Soon the komati women set out in splendour by the fish-eyed entrance, passed Paupa Rao's lime-garden, junior Raja Vengal Rao's cattle-home and lastly came to Machoo pond.

The Frenchmen, the Dubashmen and the mahomedan mercenaries saw them and, greatly delighted, spoke among themselves, *Aya, aya, Banchoote, aurat deko, kaisa aurat, kaisa kaisa auraha hai, kaisa kupsurat hai, achha kanchani hai.\**

Invoking Gopalswami's aid, they entered and gave severe

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\* They are coming, they are coming, Sister-abuser, look at the women, What beautiful women! Look, how (bewitchingly) they come. How beautiful they are. They are beautiful prostitutes.

trouncing to whoever uttered 'maro, maro,' to whoever uttered 'pakdo, pakdo'; and whoever uttered 'deko, deko,' they were given the response 'deko laidu, geeko laidu' accompanied with beating, and whoever uttered 'Allah, allah,' they were given the response *Allah laidu, pilla laidu,* and strokes besides; and the strokes administered were of such force that the sounds sounded like those of rice-pounding, *dhimma, dhimma,* in a rice-pounding yard. Thus was half of the French force destroyed, the cutting of the men's throats sounded like cutting of *koe goora*. Thus causing the destruction of the enemy's forces, the amazons returned homeward, washed the rice-pounders in the deep streams, washed their knives in limpid streams, and coming to the coloured palace inlaid with gems and the little palace covered with designs, they saluted unto Lord Runga Rao and spoke; "O Lord Runga Rao, we have fought with the company's men to the best of our strength for 7 *gadiyas*, and have come back now. May you now fight? Accord us permission to go." Lord Runga Rao returning the salute, replied, "O Bairi Venkatamma and you brave womenkind, I have come to know of your heroic fight with the company's men. All praise to you. I accord you and your brave souls permission to go to your homes now;" which they did. Their story had better stop here for the present.

Bussy, who had played such a mischievous part, on seeing the annihilation of the men who were lying fallen on every side, there being no place to put one's feet, was greatly troubled in mind and exclaimed, 'Ah! ah! what a prowess of the Bobbili women! We cannot conquer Bobbili, we shall never conquer Raj-Bobbili if we fight for 7 years or 1,000 years. It befits the Bobbilians alone to hold it. I shall go back to my southern country; there would be no reputation gained by fighting with such warlike beings. No fame would ever be our lot here. If we live, we would prefer to live subsisting on *Balchi Koor* (a sort of greens) and not risking thus. I do not want the bribe."

Dubash Lakshmiah now began instilling courage in Bussy so as to remove his despondence by addressing "Sir, you have lost the flower of your army, it is true; but you will not give way to depression of spirits like this. You will fight for seven *gadiyas*; the morsel has come near your mouth for being taken in, and you

"should not put it aside, or where was the use of your having come so far? The fortress will soon surrender unto you: you hand it over to Vijayarama Raj, take your bribe and go your way. We, taking ours, go our way." Thus Dubash Lakshmi encouraged Bussy, so that he may not relax his efforts to make the siege a success.

Kundanapu Ravanammah, the Queen of Paupa Rao, wrote a letter to Vijayarama Raj in the following strain: "Salutations unto thee brother, O brother, why do you wage war? Why this rashness? Why this pursuit of evil course? He who laid wager with you is not in the fortress: he has gone to Durgammah's fortress. The Lord of the fort is not in the fortress, so, O brother, why should you destroy Bobbili when Paupa Rao is not present here at the moment? There are in it women on the cots, having brought forth young. There are little children in it. There are married parties in it whose turmeric clothes have not, as yet, become dirty. There are still in it, the Brahmin maidens who have come to be present at the marriage-ceremony. Dictates of religion do not sanction your destroying Bobbili in the absence of its master. Consider me as your younger sister that had sucked (the same) mother's milk after you sucked, and consider that Bobbili has been given to me in dowry or as a marriage-gift." Kandnapu Ravanammah enclosing the letter, sent for Dadi Lakshmi the old wet nurse of Paupa Rao, and putting it in her hand, commissioned it to be carried to Vijayarama Raj; reflecting that, as it was a letter written by a member of the fair sex, it should be carried by a member of that sex alone.

Dadi Lakshmi, expressing the sentiment 'What fear is there to go on this mission?' dressed herself as Paupa Rao, her features resembling his in every way, and sanguine of success in getting a favourable reply, she rode on an ash coloured horse, and asked the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas to go with her. The 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas took a bath in the tank of the golden stair and in the flowing stream; coiled round their heads turbans in a fashionable manner, threw a handful of ropes at the back; put a poignard of mango-root form with a wooden-handle of rose apple tree attached behind the ropes; put round their shoulder the shield that was on the clothes line (inside the house), put *pydi* knives, kept on the

shoulder, the 12 yards in length *para*n spear that should not be forgotten in the Vellama caste, whatever else one may forget; and then they set out in great delight, the beautiful hawks disporting on the hands, the kilikoo birds sporting on the spear-heads, the *sari* dogs jumping as high as the knees.

She informed Lord Runga Rao of her going, and he expressed a wish that she should bring a soothing reply. In due course, she reached Machoo pond, and the combined forces seeing her and taking her for Paupa Rao, exclaimed in great consternation:

"Aya aya Paupadaya. He is here, he is there, Puissant Tandra Paupiah." Soon the little tents were removed and men fled pell-mell in all directions. Hyder Jung was frightened, and began fleeing to Golconda, Dubash Lakshmiah began fleeing to Bandar, Bussy to Pondicherry, and Vijayarama Raj ultimately got up with a start, and meaning to run away, rode on his horse, and while urging him onward, attentively looked back and finding that the person coming was not Paupa Rao but Dadi Lakshmi dressed in Paupa Rao's clothes, he at once whistled to the fleeing personages and men. Immediately the personages returned and the French and the combined forces also returning to take their former places, and the 11 guards as well one after the other; and soon the latter surrounded Dadi Lakshmi and enquired of her 'Kon Bhai? kidar janai wallah? (Brother, who are you? Where are you bound for?)

"Kon laidu, meen laidu. (There is no kon no min). I am Dadi Lakshmi, I am running on an errand to Vijayarama Raj, I am going to Vijayarama Raj: steer clear the coast," spoke Dadi Lakshmi; and the 11 guards, one after another, gone aside and she, pursuing her course with the force, came to Vijayarama Raj's pavilion and went round it, and Vijayarama Raj, who was inside, trembled and ordered that a chair be offered to her. This she refused, saying 'No success attends by sitting on a mala's chair,' and making a sign at the same time to Yaisin Nayudu, who formed a chair with the aid of spear-sticks placed one upon another crosswise. Upon it she sat with her knees bent, and saluted unto Vijayarama Raj.

He returned the salute and enquired of her: "Dadi Lakshmi what have you come here for leaving Bobbili? What business brings you here?"

Dadi Lakshmi now delivered the letter, speaking unto him at the same time: 'Why give way to ebullitions of such anger? Don't be rash, don't pursue an evil course.' Vijayarama Raj, breaking open the letter, read the 1st, 2nd and 3rd lines, and putting it aside, laughingly spoke: 'Why such sorrow, sister Kandannapu Ravanammah, but let 7 years be occupied, or even 700 years no matter, I would not permit Raj-Bobbili to exist. I would not permit it to remain. I would, with my sandalled feet, trample on Bobbili to the sinking-point. I would, with shoe-shod feet, tread it under till it is disintegrated. I would with my weapon kill the toddling children, I would violate the girls that are about to arrive at maturity. I would make kites and crows to play on the Raj-Bobbili fortress in the open day. I would raze it to the ground and raise tobacco on its site, and then only my anger shall have abated. But when you may have become a widow and your condition rendered pitiable thus, may you then come to my roof entertaining not the least fear; and you will be given preference for food and raiment over others. Moreover I shall give you, as a dowry, the income accruing from the 11 villages above the plain and 18 villages below the plain, and see that your prospects are bettered.' And soon reducing to writing what he had spoken, Vijayarama Raj gave the letter after sealing it to Dadi Lakshmi for being delivered, speaking at the same time, 'Come what may, I would never let off Bobbili.' Upon which, Dadi Lakshmi interceded with Vijayarama Raj for a long time, adding in conclusion that it was beyond the dictates of religion that the village of Bobbili should be destroyed in the absence of its Raja, Paupa Rao."

"May you go now with the good words expressed so far; if you exceed your talk, I would have you put under guard," spoke Vijayarama Raj.

On hearing these words she was wroth, and at once took out a spear. Frightened to a very high degree, Vijayarama Raj called aloud to his groom Gundal Appannah, and bade him bring his horse; which he mounted, despite the animal not having the bit in its mouth, and fled for life; and while fleeing too was not quiet and free from causing mischief, as he ordered that the guard should be closed on Dadi Lakshmi; and immediately the African guard, the

Mahratta guard, and other guards in all numbering 11, one after the other, hemmed her in, and her force. Hemmed in thus, they asked permission of Gopalswami existing before the fortress came into being, asked permission of golden Mysamma on the fortress' bastion, and permission of Hanmanthrayudu residing before the town; and singing in honor of Hari, the paen, Bhaja Govindam, bhaja Govindam (Praise be to Govinda, praise be to Govinda) began the fight, Dadi Lakshmi steel-clad, prominently engaging herself in the fight; and great was the carnage resulting from the knife, the dagger and the spear; the men's kidneys coming down, the little bowels dropping as they were cut. She fought without cessation for three *gadiyas*, cutting down the enemies like the mowing down of a fully ripe Indian-millet field, and allowing no time to the company's men to cook their meals; and then after washing of the blood-stained knives in the deep streams and the blood-stained spears in limpid streams, she with her force, turned homewards with great delight with the sounds of *chanootha*, *chanootha*,\* on her lips, the beautiful hawks playing on the men's hands and the pigli birds disporting on their spear heads. And duly Dadi Lakshmi entered through the fish-eyed entrance and reached the coloured court inlaid with gems and the little court covered with designs and saluted unto Lord Runga Rao; who returning the salute, enquired: "How has the work been accomplished?" Have you brought an agreeable reply? Has it turned out to be a ripe fruit or an unripe fruit?

Spoke Dadi Lakshmi in reply: "Hear, O Lord Runga Rao, in response to your daughter's letter, he says that when she becomes a widow and her condition rendered pitiable, and she goes to him he would then confer a jagir on her, and she would have the income accruing from the eleven villages above the plain and 18 villages below the plain, moreover she would have the preference for food and raiment over others, and he would be at her back and there was no cause for her to fret or fear on any account. But that he is determined at any cost to ruin Bobbili, no matter it may occupy him 7 years or 700 years: He is bad-hearted, and a wicked man. I have interceded much but the request made has not been granted. He added, in conclusion, that I should go

NOTE—\*These are apparently the opening words of a woman's ditty.

"away, as he had been making use of respectful language so far, or else he would be under the painful necessity of putting me under guard. On hearing the last words, I was aroused to the highest pitch, and passing my sword on the fruit cut it in twain."

Hearing these words Lord Runga Rao became sorrowful and expressed, "Oh, oh, you have done an ungracious part. The ethics of religion does not permit it. It is unfair, it is unfair. "Bobbili is doomed, Bobbili is doomed."

"On hearing the above recital, Kundanapu Ravanammah, with uncontrollable anger lurking in her breast, burst out, "Father are you a Vellama or a Mala that you talk thus. Dwelling as you do in the fortress, don't utter such swinish talk, or give vent to nonsensical language. It is Paupa Rao's absence that has permitted such things to take place in renowned Bobbili, in Bobbili possessing ethical spirit. Had he been here, things would have taken a different turn : he would have conquered his enemies."

"O mother why give way to such nonsensical talk" spoke Lord Runga Rao to his daughter and concurrently issuing the mandate to the force to hold in readiness, summoned his brother Vengal Rao, and his nephew Dharma Rao the junior lord and expressed sentiments thus. "If we live for 100 years or 1,000 years, we cannot avert death. Death is certain, no matter whether life be short or long. Let us go to the battlefield and make such a name that would ring in the world so long as the sun and the moon endure."

In accordance with the royal mandate, the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas took bath in the tank of the golden steps and in the flowing stream, coiled round their heads, turbans in a fashionable manner; threw a handful of ropes at the back; put a poignard of mango-root form with a wooden handle of rose-apple tree attached behind the ropes; put on the shoulder the shield that was on the clothes line (inside the house) put at the back *pydi* knives of ivory handle; kept on the shoulder 12 yards-in-length *para*n spear that should not be forgotten in the Vellama caste, one may forget anything else; and readied themselves thus, they set out in great delight, the beautiful hawks disporting on the hands, the *kilka*



birds sporting on the spear sticks, the sari dogs jumping as high as the knees; Lord Runga Rao who was mounted on his Blue-swift, preceding with Vengal Rao riding on an elephant, Dharmā Rao riding a coal-coloured horse; and while going, Lord Runga Rao, for a while, stopped at Gopalswami's temple to take the God's permission. The splendour of the temple had become dimmed, the golden pinnacle of the temple had lost its lustre, the Bachanna pots kept on the temple had reclined to one side, the golden *tirmani* (the perpendicular mark on the forehead) and the silver *tirmani* (the smaller perpendicular marks to its right and left) moved to one side, the badge of green gems and the selvedge inlaid with gems lost their brilliancy, and the 101 lights were all of a sudden extinguished. With great reverence the Bobbili Lords relighted the lamps and asked the God of His permission to go forward and grant thee a boon; who instead of either granting permission or a boon, now tried to flee to the north—northern country—now tried to flee to the south—southern country—nay was actually fleeing, making a chink in the wall breaking the bastion at the corner; when Dharma Rao with great force of strength arrested His career of flight; the God now troubled in mind (as he was at a loss to avert Destiny) and muttering unto himself that they were certainly formidable men and not to be duped, spoke unto them: “Ah! ah! “you have stayed in the Bobbili fortress for a season. That is “enough for you. O Bobbili Lord and Vellamas, enough, enough; “the fortress adorns thee best, befits thee excellently, but you “cannot stay in it any more. 100 years of fame is equal to 1,000 “years of infamy. Inferior-in-caste malas touched the fortress, “and I will not stay in it myself any more. I won't endure the “touch of the malas, but I would be able to help you for seven “*gadiyas*.”

“Then be our help for 7 *gadiyas* and we would, without very great loss of time, raise tombs from Godavery to Golconda. What fear is there for Raj-Bobbili?” spoke the Bobbili Lords; and obtaining permission, they and their force issued out for the battle-field with the onomatopoeic sounds of *rayam rayam*,\* ringing in their ears, and soon the forces of the enemies the Indian and the gibberish, uttering French numbering a lakh, with the Artillery gun-

\* Meaning, destruction, destruction.

carriages behind and the sabre guard, the African guard, the Sikh guard, the Mahratta guard, the Mammai guard and other guards already on the war-path were confronted and all ruthlessly mowed down like grass.

Lord Runga Rao, mail-clad, fought from his horse: he would kill a rider and his horse with a sword-thrust, Vengal Rao fought from his elephant: he would kill a camel and its rider with one sweep of his weapon. Hyder Jung in great consternation was in advance on a swift elephant, and essaying to get back to Golconda, and Dharma Rao spurred on his horse behind him speaking kindly unto his charger, 'Passer of the clouds, passer of the air,' and quick as thought unsheathing his sword cut down the elephant, the Nawab, before being overtaken thus, took in the situation and in the moment when none were looking at him, made a slit in the pachyderm's side and hid himself inside having given, however, Chikal Venkannah of 300 horse a furtive cut on the nape of the neck, Dharma Rao not perceiving Hyder Jung at all. The Bobbili leader on receiving the mortal blow exclaimed: "O Master-who-reared us, I have received a furtive fatal blow on the neck and my life is departing; give me permission to go. Would I take birth again in my mother's womb and wield power in the Bobbili army? Would I fight again with the company's men at all? There is nothing sweeter than death," and then gave up the ghost. He was given a grand military burial befitting a hero.

The prowess of the Bobbili Lords, of the Vellamas and of the Telugas was such, that a very large portion of the enemies' forces was destroyed, the remainder having fled; while the Raja Lall Khan the Opium-eater, who was posted on the Tuggoo bastion, after looking through his glasses, had combustible matter spread before the Bobbili fortress, as also implanted on the ground contiguous to it, *raika* balls, *namja* balls, cannon balls, leaden balls, etc., etc. The Bobbili forces now approached their fortress in exuberance of spirits and untrammelled joy, entertaining not the least anxiety, or sorrow or suspicion of any sort.

Lord Runga Rao's horse coming near where the combustible matter lay, smelt the strong odour of gunpowder and kicked back, but the Lord misunderstanding him, kicked at his side, and he rose

in the air like a hawk and jumped on at once to the other side; after him jumped the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas right down on the combustible area as the wily opium-eater Lall Khan had designed and immediately an explosion took place like the bursting of cannon balls with the onomatopoeic sounds of *dhun dhun*; the *palla* balls sounded *pote, pote*, the *durja* balls sounded *dhada dhada*, the *jajai* balls *dhun, dhun*; while a great deal of enveloping gunpowder smoke arose with a suffocating smell emitting the sounds 'gup, gup.' The poor Bobbili men could not see any way or distinguish anybody in the spot, dark and collid as it was, owing to black fumes of gunpowder, and placed as they were in this predicament they exclaimed: 'Oh, oh! our lives are departing in the inferior-in-caste mala's combustible area'; and uttering the paen in honour of Govinda (Bhaja govindam, Bhaja govindham,) fell upon each other and killed themselves to a man in sheer frenzy. Thus was Bobbili destroyed without Paupa Rao; and thus were the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas, the flower of Raj Bobbili perished, as it were with their wings tied.

The 700 Bhairi komati women held a palaver among themselves: "If we are captured by the company's soldiery, we will fare ill at their hands; our modesty will be outraged and we will be killed, our children sharing the same fate; and our wealth, besides, falling into their hands. Why should we be polluted thus and our lives lost at the hands of the inferior-in-caste malas. Our town further has been destroyed by reason of Paupa Rao being absent"; and soon bringing their palaver to a close, they throttled their infants, pushed down their grown-up daughters into the wells, and then poured into those very wells, their wealth that was stored in coffers and kept in the corner, remarking that there was no reason why their husbands' hard-earned wealth should go to the company's men; and after setting fire to their houses, they fastened their ringlets to the branches of the lime-trees and hanged themselves. The wives of the valorous Vellamas and Telagas saying 'we will follow you in four *gadiyas*,' destroyed themselves similarly, uttering praises in honour of Govinda.

Lord Runga Rao came to his spouse Devi Mullammah and spoke unto her 'Many years ago in the *Thalambradoo* ceremony of our marriage when you were but a little girl, I tied the *tali* to

your neck. Things have now assumed a fearful shape without any improvement in themselves for the better, and the alternative is that I should put an end to your life, but how can I bring myself to kill you while beholding your face? With these words he bandaged her eyes and killed her, and now coming to his daughter, Kundanapu Ravanammah, and speaking unto her, 'I have given you birth, but I have not known your destiny. The taking away of your life also has now come to be invested in me as things have come to a climax owing to your husband not being in the fortress' he killed her also, and next coming to Vengal Rao, the junior lord's wife, he killed her too. There was now only left an infant son of the name of Venkata Kristnama born to Lord Runga Rao and him also, he now wanted to kill, but the wet-nurse of the child, a woman of the cowherd caste, anticipating Lord Runga Rao's intention, put the infant in a wicker basket, sought refuge in an inner temple in the palace for a while, and then fled from the place in great haste.

The above heart-rending work being over, Lord Runga Rao came to Gopalswami's temple, which was not shimmering as in the past days but put on a gloomy appearance, and uttering a monologue 'we having come into Sher land of these parts from Rajamahendrawaram, built a fortress and, by your favour, have ruled here for a few days. Shall we again rule with such renown as we have obtained? Shall we again fight with the company's men? Death is certain though we live for 700 years. And though life is of short duration, death is sweeter than life'; and obtaining permission of the God to die, he ended the monologue with the praise of Govinda and his life as well by falling on his sword which, cruel thing, penetrating the breast, came at the back. The two junior lords, Dharma Rao and Vengal Rao, similarly apostrophised, and asked permission of the God and put an end to their lives with their own hands.

The woman of the shepherd caste and faithful wet nurse putting some milk-pots in a basket and taking the Bobbili's heir\* set out for the frontier with a view to reach Durgammah's fortress.

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\* Anagarha in the original, meaning an identification-stick.

The French and the Dubash people caught hold of the woman while she was crossing the company's line, and accosted her, "Who are you? Where are you going to? Stop, stop, or else we will shoot you."

"I am a poor milk-maid, Sirs, my village is Palvakul. I sold off my milk, and am returning home," replied the frightened woman.

"What have you in the basket? Show, show." Seeing the child, which was taken out, they interrogated: Are you a true milk-vendor? as it would appear unto us that you are a cheat, a deceiver; for how could your alleged child come to possess such a majestic appearance. It is a tiger that brings forth a tiger-cub. How could a woman, who is a vendor of milk, bring forth a child resplendent as the sun? Whose child is it? speak truly."

"It is my child, most certainly sirs," exclaimed the woman without losing her presence of mind.

Now the royal child was now produced before the four rajahs, and they closely observing his royal appearance, were exercised in their minds as to whose child could he be; and with a view to find it out, they caused a little earthen-mound to be plastered over with cowdung and placed on it, fried gram, fruits, pieces of cocoanut and jaggery-bits and a little sword; and speaking among themselves, that should he happen to be a veritable Sudra's child he would immediately take either the gram or fruit, but should he however, be of royal blood he would take the sword alone in hand, they invited the child to go up the mound and take what he liked. The child, brushing aside everything that came on his way, scrambled up the mound with the highest celerity and took hold of the sword, and then looked at Vijayarama Raj in a defiant attitude, speaking in his little mind. 'Had I been but of the age of 12 years I would have made an experiment of my weapon on you.'

The four Rajahs laughed at the procedure of the child, but Vijayarama Raj speaking, in the following strain: "He is the enemy's child. He should be removed root and branch; for if he were permitted to live, he would harbour enmity and take revenge.

In short, there would be endless dissensions," he threw the child up in the air and awaited his fall on the sword which he took out from the sheath and held with the sword-point straight at the child but before the child descended on it, Bussy, who was a kind-hearted man having a family and children, took him up straight in both his arms untouched by the weapon, remarking that the murder of children was interdicted by religions of all countries and solacing Vijayarama Raj at the same time that there was no fear by permitting the little child to live, as now all the 101 renowned Sirdars of Bobbili had been destroyed; and ordering the child to be taken away. This is what the faithful and patriotic woman required. Taking him, she departed from thence in hot haste and reaching Durgammah's fortress; where taking took out from her basket, the little Venkata kristnama and placing him before Paupa Rao exclaimed: O Sir, may your golden-net wager go to perdition, may your pearl-jerk wager be destroyed. Somebody had changed your mind to become so immersed in cock fight as to forget all about Bobbili. Now Bobbili has been destroyed and all the people are dead. This is the only Bobbili-identification mark left."

"Ah! ah! Are these things so"? asked Paupa Rao as if awakening from a heavy sleep. "They are, Sir," replied she. Upon which he came to his sister Seetammah, and told her that because of his having gone over there for the marriage-ceremony and improvidently getting himself engaged in cock fighting, his Bobbili had been completely destroyed and the Vellamas and Telagas perished to a man; and putting the little child before her remarked, that that was the only mark of identification left of Bobbili and asked of her to give him a morsel of food if he lived, or throw him away (give him a burial) should he die. Soon he sent for his friend of his childhood, Miryal Seetannah, and acquainting him of the destruction of Bobbili spoke: "I am on the war path; you are an old friend of mine, come with me if you care, and have no inducements here, otherwise you may remain behind and rule taking to yourself, villages and towns." Replying in a truly heroic spirit; 'Where you perspire there my life-blood would be shed,' Miryal Seetannah showed his enthusiasm to do and dare in the cause of his friend of his childhood.

Paupa Rao and his friend soon set out in haste, crossed Anka-

pally, crossed His Highness the Nizam's boundary stones, where, feeling thirsty, he asked his friend where to slake his thirst. 'There are perennial streams where you can drink to your heart's content,' spoke Sestannah. Paupa Rao hardly drank with the palms of his hands, one palmful, two palmfuls and three palmfuls, when he noticed that the water was bloody; so, without slaking his thirst, he hurried to his friend, speaking within himself when he would play the vernal—Holi with blood, the desire for war already kindled in his breast intensifying on looking at the blood, and soon coming into Kulvakul and reaching Bobbili, the Master and the Friend both jumped into the French army and began carnage with their swords, the like of which was never seen: heads flew like limes and the battle resounded the din of *rhyc rhyc* or *rayam, rayam*, and the massacre was like unto the cutting of a ripe Indian millet-field.

The company's men, that had not felt the dint of Paupa Rao's sword before, now found that their courage was much too insignificant and consequently exclaimed: "He has come—he has come, the sister abuser has come," and hastily bringing down their tents, were beating a retreat; but the hero with the aid of his friend annihilated the 12 battalions and the eleven guards one after another. Thus in 3 *gadiyas* the whole French force was destroyed, and search was now made for Vijayarama Raj.

The four kings Vijayarama Raj, Bussy, Hyder Jung and Dubash Lakshmiah, after the destruction of Bobbili, seated themselves in an open court of the coloured-palace inlaid with gems, engaged in playing chess as a recreation after the warfare, while gold and silver in bullion and jewels that were hidden in secret places and nooks and corners were being brought out and placed in the outer courts as they were discovered. On hearing that Paupa Rao had come, they were frightened to a high degree, and looking of each others faces, each one sought his way himself best to escape—Hyder Jung was fleeing to Golconda, Dubash Lakshmiah to Bandar, Vijayarama Raj to Pussapati land and Bussy to his seat in the southern country.

Accordingly arresting the progress of Bussy's flight and saluting unto him in derision, Paupa Rao enquired of the French

General: "Where are you going, sir? Where are you going, Lord Bussy? You possessed herculean strength—You came here and, after having taken a bribe of a lakh of *varas* for every stage, destroyed Raj-Bobbili. Do you think that you would now go to Pondicherry safe? I have come and you will now kill me, and then hand over the fortress to that fellow; otherwise I would kill you and you cannot escape with your life at my hands."

Hearing these words, Bussy trembled in mind; and trembled like a child in the absence of its mother, giving no reply.

Paupa Rao then caught hold of Bussy's curls, placed his head on a black-stone block at the fish-eyed entrance, and severed it in two with his sword.

"O Dubash Lakshmiah, where are you going? O Dubash Lakshmiah where are you going? You are a man of valorous deeds!" spoke Paupa Rao arresting the progress of flight of this man also, and saluting unto him in derision. "You are the cause of destruction of this Bobbili of mine. For interpretation of each word you have taken a lakh of *varas*; you kill me first before the fortress and then give the fortress over to Vijayarama Raj."

Hearing these words Dubash Lakshmiah trembled, but Paupa Rao catching hold of him by the curls, placed his head on a black stone-block, and severed it in twain with his sword.

"O Where are you going, Hyder Jung? Where are you going? You have brought four kings and destroyed Raj-Bobbili. Now kill me and give the fortress over to Vijayarama Raj."

Hearing these words Hyder Jung trembled, but Paupa Rao brought the sister-abuser to the black stone-block and, placing his head thereon, severed it in two. Thus were the three kings met their fate.

Vijayarama Raj taking in the situation, at once rode on his horse and fled for life with the view to evade Paupa Rao, but Paupa Rao espying him, spurred on his charger, the Cloud-feet, by kicking at his side, and the animal rose in the air like a bird, redoubling his



speed, the Rayudu's object was to overtake Vijayarama Raj, his idea was that if he once entered Pooseepad and hid there, there would be no bringing him from the covert. At this juncture Vijayarama Raj, who had gone ahead, looked behind to find out whether Paupa Rao was pursuing, when whom should he meet but he, now actually confronting him and enquiring: "What are you looking at? Look "at this side and accept of my respects. Why do you look "there? You remember that I laughed at the fighting of the cock "looking at its shadow in the mirror conceiving it to be a real cock "come to fight; and you charged me with having laughed at "you, which I denied; upon which you declared you would destroy "Bobbili. Yes, as declared by you, you have veritably destroyed "Bobbili. But you remember that I declared, that I would spear "you with a spear of the form of a fox-tail and having a wooden handle attached of rose-apple tree, and thrust in your side a handful "of sandstones, and then burn Pooseepati land. Now kill me and "rule Bobbili." With these words Paupa Rao went straight to Vijayarama Raj and, unhorsing him, caught hold of his curls, speared him through, and thrusting a handful of soft-stones into his side jumped into Pooseepati land, where having put every one to the sword excepting children and women who having brought forth young ones were still on the cot, he set fire to the Pooseepati land, Ananta Rao the elder sister's son of Vijayarama Raj and Narsing Rao the younger sister's son, escaping in the *melee*.

Now Paupa Rao suffering mental agony apostrophised; "Oh! "Oh! such things have happened in my absence. I wish I had "never gone to the marriage-ceremony. Had I been present in the "fortress, the lives of the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas would "most certainly not have been lost: the Vellama children whom I "have brought up on goat's milk and the Telagas would not "have perished in the combustible area. Bobbili would not "have been laid waste thus. Woe unto me that I have not "listened unto the wise counsels of my Uncle Runga Rao. And next coming to the temple he again apostrophised; "Four kings have now "suffered death at my hands, and there is now no more adversary "left. I am the only person left, the Vellamas have all gone, my wife, "my kith and kin have all gone. Bobbili itself is destroyed. A "single soul is now left: over whom should I rule. Should I build "a fortress again; whom should I lord over? Death is certain, and

"is there anything sweeter than death? Would I take birth in my mother's womb, drink milk at her breast? Would I fight again with the company's forces?" With these words he planted his sword in the ground and, rising 12 yards in the air, turned a somersault and directly came down upon his breast meeting the sword-point which, cruel thing, one would have wished it had been destroyed, penetrating, came at the back. The faithful and true Miryal Seetannah, who had been a sharer of his royal friend's exploits, imitated him in his death by destroying himself similarly.

Paupa Rao's sister gave Paupa Rao a burial and caused a tomb to be erected over his remains in his lime-garden—gave his friend a burial and caused a tomb to be raised, as also caused the tombs of the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas to be built, and began bringing up the infant Venkata Kristnamma the only relic left of the Rajahs of Bobbili.

In due course Venkata Kristnamma who had been brought up in Durgammah's fortress attained to the age of 12 years. It is an incontrovertible fact that it is a tiger that gives birth to a tiger; and so the Vellama child thought nothing but of kingdoms, mansions, elephants and knightly exercises; kingly affairs were constantly revolving in his mind. One day he stood on the terrace of the palace where he was brought up, and looking in the dim distance, exclaimed; "On one side I see a city prosperous and teeming with people; on the other, I see a city ruined with the remains of dilapidated walls and overgrown with weeds such as night shade and calthrop; but for all that, the vestiges of the old fortress present a grand appearance"; and calling near his sister-in-law, he enquired of her pointing his finger at the Pooseepati land, what country was there that was seen in the dim distance, prosperous and teeming with people.

"That which is presenting a glittering appearance, is the Pooseepati land. A son of Ananta Rao is ruling there, brother-in-law"—was the reply.

"What country is that which is opposite to it, which, though ruined and unpeopled still presents the vestiges of a grand fortress, sister-in-law?"

"It is the Vellama land and the fortress that is shimmering there is the fortress of Raj-Bobbili." "Who ruled there then asked he again ?

"Your father, Lord Runga Rao, ruled there ; but war was declared and the fortress fell under the combined forces of the Lord of Pooseepati land and of Bussy of the French" was the reply.

"Who declared war" ?

"Vijayarama Raj—He vowed to destroy Bobbili and has destroyed it." Upon which Venkata Kristnamma asked for details, and the whole story of the Bobbili-war from beginning to end was related unto him.

"I see that both the countries were destroyed" exclaimed Venkata Kristnamma, wrapped in thought "but why should Pooseepati land still remain prosperous, inhabited by people and ruled over by a Rajah, whereas my country should still be in a ruinous state overgrown with weeds and inhabited by none ? The force of the wager is not yet lost. Would I permit Pooseepati land to be still in this prosperous state, while my country remains ruined." He vowed to take revenge and Vijayarama Raj's nephews coming to know of this were greatly frightened.

"The Bobbili's poisonous insect has taken birth again. He would not now let us live," said they, and soon laid their case before the Throne of the Lord-paramount, His Highness the Nizam the king of Golconda. The Lord-paramount sent for Venkata Kristnamma ; who going to the Golconda kingdom saluted unto the Lord thereof. Returning the salute, the Lord-paramount enquired "Why do you bear malice towards Pooseepati land" ?

"Why should not I, Lord protector, my city Bobbili is destroyed. The enemy's city should be destroyed in the manner that Bobbili was destroyed."

"But both the cities were destroyed some time back, and the old feuds seem to have now broken out in a bad form, the State affairs becoming, as it were, the assets of children. Duty and justice does not support the destruction of Pooseepati land."

“ But my city is destroyed, not to rise while his city is flowing with honey and milk.”

“ Don't fret and be sorry for the destruction of Bobbili. I shall build 10 Bobbilies for you. Both the Rajahs who were ruling then have been dead: the one who waged the war and the other who defended himself—you should now be like the children of the same family: Why should old feuds be revived?”

So saying the Lord-paramount placed the hand of Ananta Raj's son into that of Venkata Kristnamma with the remark that they may be kindly disposed to each other for the future; and shortly after; with great kindliness of heart, he came to the Pooseepati land and then to Bobbili where, not far from the old Bobbili, he caused the new Bobbili to be built at the cost of the Raja of Pooseepati land; and, inviting 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas from Rajamahendravaram, he caused the city to be peopled with them; installed Venkata Kristnamma the Raja of the lands thereof; and settling the differences in such an amicable manner, the king went back to Golconda.

In the nights, in old Bobbili and on the battle-ground, the scene is enacted of the last occasion—the 700 Vellamas and 300 Telagas jumping, as it were before our eyes, into the combustible area and the guns bursting accompanied with a loud report and giving out a full blaze. The battle din is heard and the Vellamas and Telagas amidst their energetic ‘praise be unto Govinda, praise be unto Govinda,’ spearing each other in frenzy in the black fumes. On the dawn of day the sun appears and resumes his course, and no battle-din, no war cry is heard, the sounds seem to have become extinct or never were heard. The old Bobbili is observed, as hitherto, lying in a ruinous state overgrown with rank vegetation the nightshade and calthrop making themselves conspicuous, but the scene is soon shifted to new Bobbili which is seen in its supreme splendour and joyousness with the koil birds singing and swans disporting, the peacocks indulging in circular dances; and the Lord of Day's penetration of rays is felt in the royal court of the descendants of Raja Venkata Kristnamma, the son of Lord Runga Rao, as also in the humble dwellings of the conglomerated contented subjects.

The accounts of kings of those days, and the details of their wars have now, in the nature of things, come to be sung as stories in these days.

May those who listened to these stories redolent of those days come by wealth.

May wealth and happiness attend Venkataswami garoo who caused the story to be narrated.

FINIS.

## Comments.

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Vijayarama Raj—is one of the chief figures of the story. He is the descendant of Madhava Varma who went in the train of Nawab Sher Mohamed Khan of Chicacole in the year 1652, and obtained land about the same time that the progenitor of the Bobbili house obtained his as a reward for conspicuous gallantry in the Nawab's cause. The minstrel calls Vijayarama Raj as Caliuga Maharaj, which does not appear to be historically correct, though a little Telugu book 'Story of the Raja of Bobbili' confirms it; and hence the substitution of the correct name in the course of the present Bobbili story. Vijayarama Raj, in virtue of his holding a large strip of country or a goodly number of fiefs, was a collector of tribute from the small States such as that of Bobbili, etc, on behalf of the Lord-paramount, His Highness the king of Golconda. Vijayarama Raj was a man of choleric temper. Fiery was his speech on Paupa Rao placing in his country the presents received by him (Paupa Rao) at the court of Golconda. "I will destroy Bobbili and on its site cultivate tobacco, etc, etc," were sentiments expressed in fearful language; and though the incident placing the presents in Vijayarama Raj's court did not happen in reality, it is a fact, that Vijayarama Raj was a man given to ebullitions of anger, and living as we do in a polished rather in a tolerant age, we think whether such a thought as that of killing of women and children could have penetrated his mind at one time or other, and if it penetrated at all, whether he had not dispelled it, ingrained as he must have been in the traditions of the land, one of which being, that Rama in his conquering expeditions, when women and children fell in his power, invariably spared them: the moral inculcated being that women and children should be spared.

Vijayarama Raj was also cruel and facetious at the same time: when Kandanapu Ravanammah addressed a letter to him, praying not to destroy Bobbili in the absence of the Lord of the fortress, her husband Paupa Rao, and that she should be considered as a

sister and Bobbili given by him to her as dowry. He gave a reply that he would wreak vengeance first in sealing the fate of Bobbili, and then, when she came to him, a widow and utterly ruined, he would confer an estate on her and she would have precedence over the royal ladies of his household in the matter of food and raiment; and it may be remarked here that Kundanapu Ravanammah made a fruitless attempt in writing to Vijayarama Raj in pitiful tones to avert the overhanging destruction of the fortress, as had she lived in the land of chivalry—Rajpootana—and addressed a similar letter to a Rajput Prince making him her bracelet-brother without even knowing him personally, her object would have been so far fulfilled, that the Rajput would have espoused her cause and fought for Bobbili even unto death, or at any rate till such time as Paupa Rao appeared on the scene to defend his fort himself. But it may be doubted in the absence of historical evidence that such a high-born Vellama lady as Kandnapu Ravanammah would have stooped to address the letter to take compassion on her, but there is no doubt that Vijayarama Raj was cruel and facetious, at any rate cruel to a high degree, on other historic occasions as well.

Suiting his action to the angry sentiments he gave vent to (on the occasion already referred to, para. 1) Vijayarama Raj, the story tells us, cut off water-supply, but this is an historical error; for it is not Vijayarama Raj that cut off the water-supply, but it is the Bobbilians that throw impediments in the way of Vijayarama Raj's subjects in the matter of supply of water, if not actually cut off the supply. The truth of the matter was, that in the the forests adjoining and touching the limits of Bobbili State, there was a tank from which the subjects of Vijayarama Raj used to draw their supply of water, and because of this there used to be constant bickerings which evidently paved the path for a systematic quarrel which culminated in the great Battle of Bobbili. There could have been no greater matter for a quarrel than this, the quarrel in connection with a cock fight might not have been of greater import than that of the supply of water cut off, though the story gives prominence to the former incident. Whatever it might have been, a quarrel did take place over a cock fight affair and made both the houses of Vijayarama Raj and Bobbili hereditary and bitter enemies with disastrous result to the latter in the long run, but it was not to be from such an episode as the

story has it, with such commendable fertility of resource and taking up so much time. There would have been no matter for a quarrel or no quarrel at all with Bobbili, much less the war as the result of the quarrel so much destructive in its effects, had Vijayarama Raj built a tank some where far off from the land of the courageous Vellamas and gave no occasion for their aggressive spirit. For it may be said that water-supply is a great desideratum in all climes and at all times, and money cannot be said to be better spent on any other object than on one's country's water-supply. Municipalities are becoming alive to the fact and places hitherto steeped in superstition and darkness have come to be with water laid by; an example may be cited of ancient Kanchi, the present Conjivaram (the ancient capital of the Vi-hnnuite and Shivite Chola Kings) which having no faith in pure water for ages quite recently had pipes laid throughout the whole place.

Vindictive and never forgiving as he was by nature, Vijayarama Raj never forgot the cock fight affair in which he was worsted: it was uppermost in his mind; but to achieve his object of destroying Bobbili, he does not appear to have approached Dubash Lakshmiah for any help, such as that of advice, even, excepting that of his profession of interpreter, but he cultivated sedulous friendship with the French: when they were hard-pressed and in sore straits in the Carnatic struggles, the help they received and which was most opportune was from Vijayarama Raj: they were the coming men for the time; and when Bussy came into the northern Circars in 1753 to collect revenue from the districts ceded to the French by the Nizam, Vijayarama Raj was the first to go in advance to see the French General in whose esteem he loomed large, and so worked on his mind or passions to make him take that view which he took to deal out a death-blow at Bobbili, tendering at the same time 12 lakhs of money for the purpose. This, need it be said, the General accepted with alacrity hard-pressed as his countrymen were for means in the Carnatic war. Nothing was considered low by Vijayarama Raj when he made up his mind to achieve an object. He intercepted Bussy's message to Bobbili calling upon to come up with tribute-money, and Bussy not having reply or replies was compelled to regard Runga Rao just in the light contrary to what it would have been otherwise.



To illustrate his vindictiveness and cruelty, another instance may be cited from the story, that the 4 Rajahs observing the royal appearance of the child—Lord Runga Rao's son—and with the view to find out whether he was a royal child in truth, or otherwise, coaxed him to go up a little mound whereon they caused fruits, etc., as also a sword to be placed and take what he pleased; for if he took a fruit the surmise was that he was not a royal child, but if, on the other hand, he took up the sword the doubt that he was not a royal child was not to be entertained. The child naturally took up the sword and Vijayarama Raj at once declaring that he was the enemy's child and giving his verdict that he should be destroyed, root and branch, threw him up in the air and pointed his sword straight at him, so as to receive him on the weapon's point, but before the child descended thereon Bussy took him up (aloft) in his arms and saved him, pleading with Vijayarama Raj on his behalf, that no harm would befall his house at his hands. The above mentioned instance is no untruth, as it occurs in the Bobbili annals. In it there vases, each one containing gold, diamond and a moon-weapon are said to have been placed on a mound or raised platform, and the child was cajoled to approach them and select what he liked and what did he select however—a sword!

That Vijayarama Raj should show readiness to give a death blow to an innocent child does not seem strange: in his fiery outbursts of temper there was always reference breathing vengeance against women and children, and it is not known whether this is the character of the Kumma lord, but certain it is that evincing cruelty towards children arose from his childlessness; for what does a childless man know of fun, prattle and little ways of children, or a sterile woman of travail? Did not the king of a certain European country who was so lovingly taken up by his son as to ask his minister who had come with a bundle of important State papers to wait till he had finished playing the horse round the table with the boy on the back, when he would attend to him.

Vijayarama Raj came by his death two days after ruining a brave old house, and destroying a brave people. The story, which gives an analysis of his character or brings out the various traits in his nature is correct in the main, but the death-account re-

quires a little explanation : after the fall of Bobbili and death of Runga Rao, Paupa Rao his brother-in-law who held Rajam during the memorable siege determined to take revenge ; so in company with two of his confederates he entered the encampment of Vijayarama Raj on the night following Lord Runga Rao's death, and keeping himself perfectly hidden for 2 days got into Vijayarama Raj's tent on the 3rd night and stabbed him in 37 places before he could rise from his bed with an effort being a man of large proportions, or call for assistance. This is one account as given by Orme, the other runs that Paupa Rao dressed in the guise of men of Northern India, and under the pretext of returning from the place of pilgrimage Kashi, and bringing a letter from Ananda Raj the nephew of Vijayarama Raj, entered the camp and perpetrated the deed. The account though differs in the main particulars records the same fact that Vijayarama Raj, on the 3rd day of the destruction of Bobbili and death of Lord Runga Rao, fell by the hand of Paupa Rao.

Vijayarama Raj, though childless had two nephews, his elder sister's son Ananta Rao and younger sister's son Narsing of our story ; but the former is known to history as Ananda Raj who had come by the estate of Vijayarama Raj and who must have been present when his maternal uncle fell. That he was, as the story has it, put at the head of a force on the black tank to see that no water was taken therefrom, and that he used harsh language, explode, as it has been already shown that the cutting of water-supply by Vijayarama Raj was a grave error.

Lord Runga Rao is a great figure of the story, as also of history to which he is known as the person who fought with the combined forces, European and Indian, in the ever memorable battle of Bobbili. He is said to descend, according to story, from Rama Raja of Rajamahendrawaram (what is historically known as Narapati Indras) though, it would appear, not from the direct line, but really speaking he is a descendant of Peddarayadu Bahadur, the progenitor of the House of Bobbili which had uninterrupted relationship, from those times continuing to ours, however, with the Venkata-ghiri House as is clear from the fact set down in the historical account of Bobbili rulers to wit, that on Peddarayadu Bahadur father's death, he left the lands which he got as present from Nawab

Sher Mohamed Khan of Chicacole for gallantry shown in his cause, in possession of his son, and proceeded to Venkataghiri to ascend the throne left vacant by the death of his royal parent. In so far disposing of the theory advanced by the story of the descent of Lord Runga Rao from the Narapati Indras of Rajamahendrawaram with such plausibility of reasoning, the question still confronts us why, on the destruction of Bobbili, Vellamas were invited from Rajamahendrawaram and not from Venkataghiri where the relationship of Bobbili was so close and intimate? and it may be answered that that was due to under-population in the latter place. In the light of the preceeding information, it may be stated, that the story connected with Lord Runga Rao that he, with his brother Vengal Rao and their brothers-in-law Paupa Rao and Dharma Rao, started on an hunting expedition from Rajamahendrawaram and entering Sher land and taking a fancy for it, applied to Vijayarama Raj for a strip of land to found a city and build a fort, is inconsistent with facts, and it may be stated, that though Vijayarama Raj in the height of his arrogance often swaggered that the Bobbili Raja who should have been at his feet came to be at the head (or on equal terms) the statement is unjust; for the Bobbili Raja was never a suppliant at the feet of the Pooseepati lord earnestly entreating for land, unless it can be justified in the light of the fact that Vijayarama Raj was a collector of tribute-money from the vassals on behalf of the Lord-paramount the king of Golconda.

Lord Runga Rao, in all, reigned for four years with conspicuous ability; he never abdicated the throne in favour of Puissant Paupa Rao, as the story has it, he abdicated after a term. He is a man of lofty principles and high moral courage, he was dead against bribes and never envied Vijayarama Raj for the presents he received from the Lord-paramount, and being strict in his dealings he never failed to remit the tribute, nor the same fell overdue. If he ever failed to remit the tribute, or the same fell overdue, it must have been on the last occasion, and this because of the breach existing between Vijayarama Raj and himself which probably made him listless for a time, or he might have been pondering to send; when in the meantime the French, because of the Northern Circars being ceded to them, began to collect the revenue for them-

selves. This was in 1753 and before the British gained the ascendancy over the French nation and themselves become masters of the Ceded Districts instead.

That Lord Runga Rao blushed at Paupa Rao for having brought infamy on Bobbili and getting its fate sealed by bringing presents from the Lord-paramount, as the story has it, is not in harmony with truth; but there is no doubt that Lord Runga Rao was afraid of Vijayarama Raj: at any rate he did not incur the displeasure of that Kumma Lord for one moment, though he was a man who having once formed a resolution in a cause, he would be the last to swerve from it.

That Kundanapu Ravanammah, as the story has it, should chide her father on his having remarked on Dadilakshmi's measuring strength with Vijayarama Raj, to the effect that it did not become her from a moral and religious point of view, is not clearly understood; for Lord Runga Rao was a man of great courage, having fought long and hard at the siege and now and then out-doing his brother Vengal Rao and lastly dying a soldier's death on the ramparts of the Bobbili fortress. This is the language of history, yet in the face of it why the charge is brought home to him as unfolded in the story is inexplicable. Probably because of his taking things coolly and not understanding the situation at once to meet out a drastic remedy, or probably because of his not striking the iron whilst hot in political matters, that he merited the rebuke administered by his daughter.

Lord Runga Rao had his tastes. The prominent one, it would appear, was that of cock fighting; his innate love for the game cocks was shown in the story: his principal game-cock wore silver ornaments and went in palanquin; and it was Lord Runga Rao's trained cock, it would appear, that worsted Vijayarama Raj's cock in a fight, which made Vijayarama Raj cherish such ill feelings as to give a death-blow to Bobbili.

Lord Runga Rao was a religious man of the old type and believed in superstitions and signs. The story has it, that on reaching Gopalswami's temple for a while to take permission of the Deity he observed certain signs: the temple looked dim, the golden top

surmounting it leaned to one side boding ill to Bobbili, but it is a fact that Lord Runga Rao's queen Mallammah Devi, as stated elsewhere, observed a sign that boded ill to the Bobbili House.

Lord Runga Rao, consistent with religious scruples, was careful of the honour of his ladies. To save them from dishonour in the event of the besiegers gaining a foot-hold in the fortress he is, according to the story, said to have killed his wife, his daughter and his brother's wife, but, historically speaking, the work of killing the royal ladies was entrusted to one Narsa Rao, a cousin of Paupa Rao. Lord Runga Rao might be pardoned for the mandate issued for the killing of the ladies, but the desire that possessed of him to do away with his helpless little son, the last of the Vellamas, though good intentioned as probably preventing tragic death of the child at the hands of merciless enemies of the type of Vijayarama Raj, was certainly a morbid one.

Paupa Rao—is another important figure of the story. That, as a lad, he went with his uncle Lord Runga Rao to Sherland, and suggested, despite his tender years, taking up land there for building a fortress (Bobbili fortress); that he ascended the throne of Bobbili, Lord Runga Rao abdicating it in his favour deeming him a fit person on the grounds of bravery and personality for the exalted position; that he ruled, refused to remit tribute to Vijayarama Raj for payment to the Lord-paramount His Highness the Nizam, king of Golconda; that he went with his stalwarts, the Vellamas and Telagas, to Golconda, that he delivered a speech there, high-spirited and bold for an under lord: "Come what may, I mean to see the fun for 7 *gadiyas*. What fear is there for Raj Bobbili: let 1,000 years occupy in its fight. We would cut the throats (of men) and build tombs from Golconda to Godavery and sprinkle chunam water over them. If dead-bodies fall as high as the fortress, we won't give up the fortress," on being aroused on the Lord-paramount's disinclination to receive the tribute-money; that on return he left his presents which he had received at the Golconda Court in Poosapati land, that he rebutted or returned the charge brought against him by Lord Runga Rao of having brought infamy on Bobbili and got its fate sealed in highly condemnatory language (that Hindu propriety does not permit it to be used to an uncle by a nephew who despite his great earthly

position as a Ruler of a State is inferior socially to an uncle). "Staying in the fortress why utter hog grunts.....Are you a Vellama or a mala..... but if you exceed your talk I will spike you through....."; that he remitted taxes or gave presents to his subjects, that he was invited to a cock fight by Vijayarama Raj for picking a quarrel with him, and that an altercation ensued and he fought destroying the forces of Vijayarama Raj, that he was in Durgammah's fortress engrossed in game-cock fights during the siege, that he destroyed Pooseepad and caused the death of Hyder Jung, Bussy, Dubash Lakshmiah and Vijayarama Raj and lastly committed suicide are all, with the exception that he stabbed Vijayarama Raj and himself was despatched by Vijayarama Raj's followers, opposed to historical facts. But there is no question of doubt that he was a man of undoubted ability and great resource and a great General besides, the story justly terming him Puisant Paupa rayadu, the carnivorous lion, the male elephant, and his name, whenever mentioned, striking fear or causing great consternation among the French red-coats, the poor mahomedan mercenaries and Vijayarama Raj's men. And history publishes the fact, that he held Kajam during the critical period of Bobbili history, or to be plain, during the great siege; and on the death of his father-in-law Lord Runga Rao on the ramparts of fortress, revenged on Vijayarama Raj by stabbing him with his own hand and himself was cut off by the followers of Vijayarama Raj. The name of this brave soul, Tandra Paupiah, still lives, as has been stated elsewhere, in a memorial-pillar existing to this day at Bobbili.

Dharma Rao—is also another great character of the story. He was a brother-in-law to Vengal Rao (the latter marrying the former's sister); and when he was, as the story has it, performing what he justly considered a great work, imparting instructions in fencing to the Bobbilian youths, the summons came that he was to appear before Lord Runga Rao, being chosen as the most fit person, far-seeing, accustomed to follow a straight course, of gentle disposition and not given to outbursts of anger, to go on an embassy to Hyder Jung. But he had not gone, really speaking, on an embassy to Hyder Jung, neither was there any reason for his so going to him as Hyder Jung was no representative of the Golconda court; but as he was Bussy's Dewan and hold-

ing a court of his own (to maintain the prestige of his French master), Dharma Rao might have met him or he (Hyder Jung) with the trend of his character such as that of constantly looking out for bribes for himself, as also probably for his employer, might have made it a point to confer with Dharma Rao to emboldingly ask a good bribe after returning a number of 'not sufficient' replies to presents proffered, thus risking very near unto losing his life but getting, however, a very sharp rebuke to remember for the rest of his life. On an embassy did Dharma Rao go and this is historically correct, but evidently not to Vijayarama Raj: he would take offence on the bare hint that he would have to go to him, such was Vellama or Bobbili pride, but to M. de Bussy the French General; and Dubash Lakshmiah must have been employed by him as interpreter on very heavy fees despite his unprincipled character: his services were so indispensable.

Now a few words with reference to the embassy, as to how it had fared or turned out whether for good or evil for Bobbili, and how Dharma Rao behaved or what he had done. It was beset with difficulty, for Dharma Rao and his 503 men struggled hard to get at the enemy's camp, so exclusively barred were the doors, though carrying peace proposals, and in fact would have given up going had not Lakshmiah came to the rescue and took them in. At his instance, Bussy received Dharma Rao with respects due to his position, but would not consent to the peace proposals. The reason is to be attributed to the idea flitting in the minds of Bussy and Dubash Lakshmiah, though not openly expressed, that perennial strife should last to the ultimate extinction of Bobbili, the reason for it, again, being that a bait of 12 lakhs offered by Vijayarama Raj through Hyder Jung was swallowed by the French General and utilized to the greatest benefit of his people who lacked the means at the time to carry on the struggle in Southern India, and it could not be disgorged; and Dharma Rao who was in sore chagrin on the non-fulfilment of the objects of the embassy, and smarting as he was under the insult that he was allowed no ingress though carrying peace proposals, he aimed at the life of Bussy and all but have stabbed him had not Lakshmiah interposed, interceded, parried off the strokes and saved him; and moreover speaking unto Dharma Rao, as if he were Bobbili's good angel, that he alone

would be responsible for any evil turn the affairs may take were he to persist in such audacities as the one now witnessed that of aiming at Bussy's life; but all the same scuffle ensued and Frenchmen were killed, as the story has it, though few in numbers. Though Lord Runga Rao and his courtiers took Dharma Rao for one of mild disposition, or one who would not be easily aroused (this was the reason for his being sent on the embassy) and the enemies took him for one of mild generalship, or broadly speaking, deficient in courage, yet Dharma Rao shown himself to be resolute and brave, as the foregoing disclosed, nay his attitude was observed in clear light soon after his appointment and from the time of his having given expression to those fiery sentiments. "Come what may, I shall see the fun for seven *gadigas*. I shall cause the blood of elephants and of men to flow promiscuously into the river. Come what may, we shall not give up the fortress, even till the corpses come to be lain as high as the fortress."

Dharma Rao did not die falling on the sword as the story has it, but it is not known how he met his fate and when, but he did not die, at any rate, during the memorable siege of Bobbili in January 1757.

Vengal Rao—was a brother to Lord Runga Rao whom he accompanied, as the story relates, to Sherland. He was an ideal hero and warrior having fought in conjunction with his brother with the combined forces during the memorable siege of 1757. He out-lived his brother by eight years, dying in 1765, evidently not by falling on his sword, as the story has it. By the strength of his arms he obtained possession of Kavita and Rajam, and was making exertions to obtain possession of Bobbili also when death overtook him. Why he does not appear prominently in the story, it is not understood, probably he wished for self-effacement, or showed a stolid indifference to things pertaining to himself when the story had come to take a shape.

Dubash Lakshmiah—is one of the characters of the story and a villain. Though stated in the story as the King of Masulipatam, he was no king, much less did he possess a force as the story states he possessed of by the frequent mention of 'Dubash-men' in the course of the narration. But he was the interpreter of General Bussy, and Masulipatam was his country. He was truly



bound to the interests of the French employer even unto the saving of his life when the onslaught was made by Dharma Rao in the French camp. He was a keen-eyed man, a politician in the wrong sense, a man of persuasion and a dissembler. The story has it, that he asked for a bribe and was on the point of being poignarded and ultimately given to understand in vehement terms that Bobbili's wealth was not to be had thus, claiming as it does the virtue that it would not burn in fire or sink in water, does not appear to be consistent with facts as this would have damped the spirits of Dubash Lakshmiah to do the service as he had done for Dharma Rao in getting an audience with Bussy for him, though half-heartedly and apparently with no good motives to Bobbili, but of course with the best of motives to the French employer. Another story has it, that it was he who impressed on the French the urgency of the acquisition of Bobbili for Vijayarama Raj, and when the French General showed agreeableness to undertake the conquest he dissembled and coloured the statement by stating that the conquest of Bobbili was a matter of considerable difficulty, and when the General drew back on the statement made, he cunningly brought him to accept his first view that the place was easy of conquest. Whatever it may be, Dubash Lakshmiah was a factor in the destruction of Bobbili, despite his ostensible friendly attitude: as great a factor as Hyder Jung, the prominent factor, of course, was Vijayarama Raj who worked on the passions of Bussy having before his mind's eye the old grudge against Bobbili, while Lakshmiah in collusion with Hyder Jung, both being employes of the same master, brought their persuasions to bear against Bussy in the matter of conquest of the Vellama Rajah's country, Hyder Jung crowning it by putting before Bussy the bait of twelve lakhs of Indian silver-money. Dubash Lakshmiah does not appear to have died at the hands of Paupa Rao as the story has it, but let us not steep in antiquated lore any more with the view to find out when the unworthy varlet came by his death and how.

Venkata Kristnamma (Venkata Ranga Rao of history)—is one of the characters of the story and son of Lord Runga Rao. He does not play a prominent part at the critical period of his country's history, that is when Bobbili fell. He was an infant then, having been saved, as the story has it, by a woman of the cowherd caste employed under the royal ladies in the palace, having divined Lord

Runga Rao's intention to do away with him along with the others. But Orme writes: "Whilst contemplating it—the sad spectacle in the destroyed Bobbili fortress—an old man, leading a boy, was perceived issuing from a distant recess: he was welcomed with much attention and respect and conducted by the crowd to M. Law\* to whom he presented the child with the words: "This is the son of Runga Rao whom I have preserved against the father's will... .." And the child's up-bringing is claimed by a Brahmin woman according to one account, and by Paupa Rao's sister Seetammah of Durgammah's fortress according to the story. Whether little Venkata Kristnama was helped by a faithful woman of the cowherd caste whose devotion and fidelity was only to be equalled by the nurse Pannah of Rajput history, or saved by an old man true to the salt of Bobbili House, or brought up either by a Brahmani or Seetammah are immaterial, but there is no question of doubt that, had it not been for Bussy, there would have been a dramatic irony, as when the child was put through the ordeal, see "Vijayarama Raj," he, indeed, selecting a sword—what other thing a royal child would be expected to take up? In preference to other things put on the earthen mound, the cruel Vijayarama Raj was in favour of destroying him without the least compunction. But the French General, however, allayed the fears of the Poosapati Lord by averring that, when the renowned 101 sirdars of the Bobbili House have either been destroyed or no more no apprehensions were to be entertained by permitting the royal child to live and thus gave a new lease of life to the relic of the House. The boy, it would appear, attracted the attention of Bussy who, captivated by his appearance, fondled and caressed him. Orme's testimony may be added to the goodness of Bussy towards the child. He says that, when M. Law sent him into Bussy's tent with the tutor, he received the sacred captive with the humanity of a guardian—by the strongest claims of nature and immediately commanded patents to be prepared appointing him lord of the territory which he afforded his father in exchange for the districts of Bobbili; and ordered them to be strictly guarded from the malevolence of enemies.

Venkata Kristnama's career was a chequered one. With great difficulty he had come to be on the *dais* of Bobbili. When he

NOTE.—A naturalized Frenchman and son of the Scottish Financier of that name.

could not be recognized—his rights of course—one account says, he looted the Nizam's treasury so as to attract attention, and this had the desired effect.

The other account has it, that he came into the Deccan and stayed for a considerable time for recognition of rights. Whatever it may be, he ascended the *dais* of Bobbili after the death of his paternal uncle, Vengal Rao, Nizam-ul-Mulk, it would appear placed him on it, and the British did the additional favour by restoring to him his former lands.

Now to the Vellama people. The Vellamas are a fine race of people. They are brave and strong, each man proving more than a match for Vijayarama Raj's 2 or 3 men, and not afraid of their lives. They depended more on the strength of their arms aided by a few old fashioned weapons for saving their hearths and homes than on any thing else: they had no fire-arms. They are just, are independent and high minded, not stooping to do mean things. They are fond of manly games, game-cock fights and given to military display and fashionable at the same time, having with them the war-hounds, the hawks and *kil/ko* birds, yet were religious putting implicit faith in their gods and punctilious to a high degree. It may be cited briefly from the story by way of illustration, that the brawny arms and powerful build of the people made Hyder Jung's courage to sink within him for the first occasion on the Saidabad hillocks, and the appearance of the Vellama force advancing under Dharma Rao, made Hyder Jung to ask Dubash Lakshmiah, who came to confer with him, the question 'who has come?' and if it was Paupa Rao to say that he (Hyder Jung) was away. The story has it that the French and Dubashmen ran in all directions on seeing the advance of the Vellama force. Such was the effect of fear engendered by the Vellamas who never required immortalization.\*

In the march to Golconda with Paupa Rao at head of the stalwarts, the Vellamas and Telagas the bulwarks of Bobbili; and this march affords fine word-painting, we observe there was bonhomie in those chivalrous folks from the very outset, there was not the least despair of having left their wives and children be-

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\*Col. Meadows Taylor immortalized the Bayders. Some one should employ his pen in immortalizing the Vellamas as well.

hind : they commended them into the hands of God after worshipping Him in the temple sacred to him, and set out with their sovereign.

Further there are various instances of bravery and patriotism and loyalty mentioned in the story which need not be recapitulated here, yet the names of some of the heroes may be mentioned : Patalapu Ramannah, Chirkal Venkannah and Miryal Seetannah, who, it would appear, have lived in flesh and blood. They were of Achillean type or of the type of the Norwegian hero Lodbrog—of Lodborg kirta—and were fearless of death.

They considered it a great honour in having fought with the European nation, whose methods of warfare were considered distinctly superior to the Indians. Their utterances were in keeping with their heroism, 'Where you (Paupa Rao) perspire there my life's blood will be shed' was the utterance, to quote a specimen, of Miryal Seetannah.

The Vellama women are beautiful, chaste, kind-hearted, high-minded, high-spirited, devoted to their husbands and courageous: their courage, it would appear, have come to be known even at the very gates of Delhi. Dadi Lakshmi, the story says fought steel-clad. History has it that a band of women defended a tower of the Bobbili fort against the attacks of the combined armies, and such was the bravery and ingenuity exhibited that it puzzled and temporarily paralysed the senses of Hyder Jung as to how to repulse the fair defenders. Bussy himself, when their martial qualities came under his observation, considered them warriors worthy of the steel; any nation might be proud of them. Among the band of women we must include Bairi Komati women—wives of a distinct type of Komaties, who trade in pearls and gems in the distant countries, and whose food besides rice and *dhall* include mutton and fowls and eggs—whom the story credits with as having fought bravely with the combined forces from the ramparts and in the lines, and with the resources available such as weights and measures, etc., wives as they were of a section of Hindoo community considered unwarlike, and as such were unprovided with weapons. Among the band may be included the Telaga women among whom general likeness prevailed that of being chaste, devoted to their husbands, courageous, etc.

Queen Mullammah Devi was the chief of the women at the tower: she had possessed all the qualities that the women possessed but in a pre-eminent high degree. It would appear that, subsequently, the Vellama, Telaga, and Bhairi Kometi women, under her directions committed *johur* with their grown up daughters and children at breast as did the Queen Padmani of Rajputana history, though in a different manner such as that of isolately hanging themselves on the lime trees with the aid of ringlets of their hair after pushing the daughters and children into the wells, setting fire to their houses: this with a view to save their honour; for when Devi Mallummah accompanied by her daughter went to Gopalswami's temple, she observed certain signs vouchsafed unto her which indicated the worst kind of evil that immediately impended on the Bobbili house. But the matter of fact or the greater probability was, that the Bobbilians, seeing the probability of losing the day and being afraid of their women-kind falling into the hands of the enemies, stabbed their wives and children. Orme supports the statement in his graphic language as follows:—'.....and every man stabbed without remorse, woman or child whomsoever attempted to escape the flame and suffocation. Not the helpless infant clinging to the bosom of its mother saved the life of either from the hand of the husband and father. The utmost excesses whether of revenge or rage were exceeded by the atrocious prejudices which dictated and performed the horrible sacrifice. The massacre being finished those who accomplished it returned, like men agitated by the furies, to die themselves on the wells.....'

The work of killing the royal ladies as distinguished from the slaughter of the womenkind stated above, was entrusted, as has already been said, to one Narsa Rao, a cousin of Paupa Rao, who performed his work with scrupulous fidelity unmanning himself in one case however: that when he approached Dharma Rao's wife who was carrying in the nine month, his frame shook, he staggered, the raised sword fell off his hand, and the second attempt made not ending in success; but quick as thought the lady understanding his weakness, and with true Vellama heroism shorn off terrors of death, took the sword into her hand and stabbed herself, and fell to the ground a corpse!

Bussy—to give the full name, Charles Joseph Patessier Marquis de Bussy—Castelnau—is a great character of the story and of history. When the French placed Nawab Salabath Jung on the vacant throne of the Deccan, the latter ceded to them in 1752, as a token of gratitude, the Northern Circars for the maintenance of a European army in his territory, and Bussy, accordingly, under the commands of his chief, Dupleix, the Governor of Pondichery, (who arrived in this country in 1754.) came to Rajamundry with his Secretary Hyder Jung on the 19th December 1756, to collect revenue from the Zamindars and Northern Circars. Here, however, he committed the grand mistake of his life that tarnished his memory for all time: he took a bribe of 12 lakhs of money from the turbulent of local chiefs, Vijayarama Raj, to crush his rival the Bobbili Raja. He needed it for his countrymen who were reduced to straits in the Carnatic or he could not help taking it surrounded as he was by miscreants, parasites in his employ, chief of whom were Dubash Lakshminah and Hyder Jung; the resolution was taken to reduce Bobbili for that consideration. M. Gore who was in command of the French troops at Masulipatam hearing of it wanted to dissuade him from his evil headlong course by writing to him, that the French had been misled by Hyder Jung, that it was unwise to fall out with Runga Rao, and of refraining from an attack on Bobbili and befriending the Vellama Rajah, and the message was delivered by Mr. Martin. At which Bussy fretted and foamed at Hyder Jung. Hyder Jung finding, that he was suspected and his position and honour were at stake, and as one offended said with all the loudness and vehemence he could command he was a Mohamedan, and as such he was not trained to pocket insults; and by his persuasive eloquence and mock indignities convinced Bussy of inflicting an exemplary punishment on the Vellama Rajah by capturing Bobbili. It may be inferred from above that Bussy's temper was cooled down, but there was no cause for him to be angry with, as he took the bait and it was not to be disgorged, and we have stated under "Dharma Rao" what good account he had turned that bait to, which was the reason of his not accepting the peace proposals of Dharma Rao. The persuasive eloquence of Hyder Jung being still on his mind's eye, Bussy with 750 Europeans—of whom 200 were horse and 100 were sepoys and 4 field-pieces—to this force when included Vijayarama Raj's soldiers and those of other

feudatories the number aggregated to 80,000 men according to one account, and one lakh as is considered by other authorities—laid siege to Bobbili on the day-break of the 24th January 1757, stormed it three times during the day, and in the evening carried it against unparalleled chivalry, and this memorable battle of Bobbili wherein a small pack of men and women withstood numbers, fighting more like demons than men, Indian history should take note of; and this view was held by Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone, Grant—Duff on visiting the scene of the battle on one of his gubernatorial tours in the Southern Presidency. Bussy little thought that Pondicherry \* the capital of the French acquisitions and seat of influence would share the same fate as Bobbili; for history records that a little over 3 years after his return to Europe, or 4 years after the fall of Bobbili, Pondicherry was besieged—16th January 1761 and the fortress so completely destroyed that not a stone remained to tell where it stood, while Bobbili fortress still remains to this day ruined and in melancholy grandeur being set in calthrop and nighshade and nature's rank vegetation.

The story states that Bussy was killed by Paupa Rao which is not true. Though he barely escaped being cut off by Dharma Rao yet it was destined that India, where his nation was to endure reverses and contumely, should hold his remains; for 20 years after his being shipped to Europe after his recall on parole from Madras in March 1760,—in compliance with the earnest importunity of the Nawab who regarded him as fraught with more dangerous resources than all his other enemies, and said that if he became free and commanded he would protract the war for 10 years—(Orme). Bussy returned at the head of a fine army into the Carnatic but it was only to lose his reputation and die (Malleson).

Bussy was a strange medely of good and bad qualities. Under Venkata Kristnama we have seen how kindly he had dealt with Lord Runga Rao's heir, with what a fatherly kindness he saved the child from the knife of the blood-thirsty Vijayarama Raj and treated him

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\*The original Philcheru a village containing the Indian population who worked for the French factory, the Phuljari of Mohamedan historians, the idol of M. Francois Martin whose hand is still seen in its rectangular streets even to this day the Municipality looking to its cleanliness and making it take the second rank in the whole of Southern Presidency for sanitation and cleanliness.

and provided for him ; this was because of his remorselessness in having dealt a death blow to a nation of chivalrous people and because of repentance which had come to him late as in the case of the Brahmani of Panchatantra of old. It is not the purpose, while these comments are being made for the elucidation of the story with reference to the French General, to sum up the character of Bussy, but there is no question of doubt that he was a greater man than Lally-Tollendal, who can be said to have virtually sounded the death knell of the French supremacy in India. The gifted historian Orme draws a comparison of the two Frenchmen as was apparent from their respective correspondence. The letters of Mr. Lally were replete with suspicions, jealousy, insinuation and artifice, sarcasm and wit ; Mr. Bussy's with sagacity, caution, deference, argument, profound knowledge, the justest views of affairs and the wisest means to promote their success : and Mr. Lally himself whilst he pretended to ridicule respected the extent of his talents. And there is no question of doubt further, that Bussy was a great General and a statesman standing out in bold relief or as a principal figure in the history of the French in India and we admire him greatly (except for the mistake which he committed that of reducing Bobbili not for any fault of the Raja, but for the Raja's private quarrel with Vijayarama Raj one of Bussy's most trusted friends) especially when we remember that soon after his birth at Bucy near Soissons in 1718, he lost his father and thus was bereft of childhood's early training and what he inherited was only the pedigree. Bussy though proved true as promised since he first came out to India with La Bourdonnais's expedition in 1746 and his performances up to a certain point being splendid, yet he showed his ill grace in deserting Dupleix in the hour of his misfortune, in giving no monetary help to his country when it, apparently, stood in need of it.

The story brings out traits of Bussy's character it would appear in humorous colours and far from truth. One is that he broke 24 eggs and opened 7 bottles of brandy and drank the contents at a stretch, the other is that he had moustaches one foot long and beard one yard long, a veritable Schraiber of Arabian Nights, and so immersed was he, it would appear, in his political work that he had not trimmed them or looked his face in the glass, and the story relates that when the *nuzzar* of a mirror



among other *nuzzars*, was laid directly before his august presence he looked his reflections, and laughed a laughter, and such irresistible laughter was it that the spell was broken and Vijayarama Raj's object was more than half fulfilled.

The third trait brought out is that Bussy was avaricious of money; that he would go by slow stages or halt at small (not legitimate) distances and demand money. At this distance of time the charge of avarice cannot be preferred against the French General, as it is not understood what he demanded unless it be "Travelling allowance" which would, from the manner in which the story puts it, appear to be a very high figure, considering the 12 lakhs already paid for reducing Bobbili; but whatever it may be he, while maintaining the fortunes of France at Hyderabad, earned enormous wealth upon which he lived luxuriously till he left for India 20 years later to lay his bones.

A further trait, as set down in the story, is Bussy's solicitude for the *gosais* or religious men of India though he might not have across, in his march through life, a real *gosai* of the type that the chronicler of Rajputana (Lieutenant Colonel Tod) takes note of; all the same he evinced an interest in the order. The French General is said to have put a *Koran* before Chirkal Venkanna, a Bobbilian hero in disguise, inviting him to read so as to find out whether he was a real *gosai* or an impostor or spy and here Bussy shows himself at fault, for a *gosai* who is a Hindu and expected to be at home in his *shastras* and *vedas* and the like cannot be expected to read Kuran, a religious book of the Mohamedans in the Arabic language and the question arises: Did Bussy know Arabic so as to read and comprehend it himself and the echo replies 'No' for those were not the days of Oriental scholarship. Orientalists, French and English, were to rise many many years later on.

Apart from the traits set down in the story as tending to keep green Bussy's memory because of the popular fancy with reference to the pertinacity with which he carried the siege of Bobbili, the French General's name is kept alive in the villages of South India also; for when a child shows a disinclination to go to bed when lulled to sleep, fear is instilled in its breast with the words, Hush, hush! Hie Bussy is coming—

Hyder Jung—is one of the characters of the story and of history. Though not a central figure he played a notorious part in the history of Bobbili, or in plain words, in the destruction of Bobbili. Orme writes of him as to who he was, with what recommendations he came to Bussy, and what Bussy had done for him, and it may be quoted. 'The father of Hyder Jung was a Governor of Masulipatam : when the French factory in that city was confiscated in 1750 by the orders of Nazir Jung of which he evaded the rigour; and afterwards, when the city itself was surprised by the armament sent from Pondicherry by Mr. Dupleix, is supposed to have connived at their success. With these preliminaries his son came and tended his services to Mr. Bussy at Golconda on his first arrival there with Salabath Jung from the Carnatic, when Hyder Jung received a command of the French sepoy in which he distinguished himself; but still more by his sagacity and address, until by degrees he became the principal confidant of Mr. Bussy, who to give him weight and dignity, obtained for him high titles from Salabath Jung, and even a patent of nobility from Delhi.....and he was allowed to keep a constant court or Darbar in order to extend his information; and jaghirs with other emolument sufficient not only to defray his expenses, but to establish his fortune 'were likewise conferred on him as well by Salabath Jung as Mr. Bussy.' From the above we find that Hyder Jung was a man of sagacity and address which qualities alone made him the principal confidant of Bussy. Yet he had shown a decided weakness for accepting bribes, lending ready ears to matters and believing them and warming over them, with the result that the sagacity he was credited with to possess forsaking him under those circumstances. The story brings out how he asked Dharma Rao bribe and barely escaped being poignarded yet got instead the rebuke with all the force imaginable to be remembered for all time, "You are not a respectable moslem you are only a "betel-beeda kissendar, (Khidmutgar?) to the Lord Nizam—you "have forgotten the old vocation followed of selling mangoes in "Golconda, you have not forgotten the old vocation followed of "selling glass vessels in Charminar—you are only a groom and "harlot's son to boot, you have not put a stop to talking slightly "like moslems wearing goat's beard, you have not put a stop "to talking reverently like Musalman having beards," and under

"Bussy" we have seen how he misled the French General (of course, after accepting a bribe for himself from Vijayarama Raj) and when he was found out how with what persuasive eloquence he saved his honour and position and made Bussy to accept his view for the destruction of Bobbili. Lending ready ears is exemplified in the fact, that though Vijayarama Raj was a friend of the French, yet when he heard of the coming of the Frenchman into the Circars to collect revenue, went ahead three days and seeing him, so worked in his mind as to make him take that view which he himself took so that his rival the Rajah of Bobbili might be crushed still he had not forsaken Hyder Jung, the Secretary to Bussy, whom he considered not only a confidant to his master, but also all-powerful man to whom he poured out his whole story, and all ears as Hyder Jung was without understanding evil motives. Vijayarama Raj roused his anger to the highest possible pitch by clever insinuation and innuendoes and descending to low tricks or perfidy he instigated some of his sepoys to intercept some of Hyder Jung's men at a garden that belonged to Bobbili, and though these men were roughly handed by Vijayarama Raj's people, he falsely reported to the Mahomedan Secretary that some Bobbili men had beaten his men; which had the desired affect of fanning the wrath of Hyder Jung against Runga Rao to a full blaze with the result that Bobbili's fate was sealed; there is no question of doubt that he was party to it, nay it was he who would, in his capacity as Bussy's confidant, appear to have pressed the bribe of 12 lakhs on the French General, ratifying the ignominious treaty made for sweeping Bobbili off the face of the earth.

The story states that His Highness the Nizam, on hearing sounds of drum beaten announcing Paupa Rao's arrival with his stalwarts on the hillocks of Saidabad (a suburb of Hyderabad) sent Hyder Jung, his nephew, to ascertain what was the cause, is opposed to fact, historical or otherwise. The historic occasion of Hyder Jung's making his appearance in the arena of Bobbili affairs was the one when he came into Rajamundry on the 19th December 1756 with Bussy his master to collect revenue from the districts ceded to the French for the maintenance of an European army.

Hyder Jung, we have seen from Orme's account, was the

son of a former Governor of Masulipatam, he was no relation of His Highness the Nizam as the story has it ; as also, we have seen from the same account that he distinguished himself while holding the command of the French sepoy's, and as a commander who should know the fighting-merits of men, he had formed a high opinion of the fighting qualities of the Bobbilians (he was struck with their brawny arms and well built physique *vide* story) especially when they have a good commander to lead them.

In the height of his prosperity and power Hyder Jung's end came : rather what he had sowed he had to reap. The artful methods he had pursued in accordance with Bussy's instruction to gather informations in the interest of the French for the acquisition of territory, it would appear, made him distasteful and unpopular though he little knew it, but whatever it may be he did not meet his fate at the hands of Paupa Rao after the fall of Bobbili, but was cut off later on in a levee of His Highness Salabath Jung because of his un wisdom or impetuosity to rise and speak unceremoniously after the Darbar was practically broken up.

Salabath Jung 1751 to 1762 }  
Nizam Ali Khan 1763 to 1803 } are characters of history in a large sense as also of this story. As the reader is aware, Paupa Rao came into Hyderabad to tender tribute to the Lord-paramount who was shown to be a kind-hearted man, his tendency being to keep both the rajahs, who were his vassals, at check without flying at each other's throats and thus obviating ruthless destruction of men. If the story is to be believed, Salabath Jung was the king of Hyderabad at the time that Paupa Rao went there to pay the tribute ; and this was before the siege and destruction of Bobbili in 1757. His reflections need recapitulation here : "If I tell him to go away, he will go off from hence. There will be serious quarrels, however, between himself and Vijayarama Raj ; and there will be ruthless destruction of men in consequence. I am the sovereign of all lands : if I send for him, tender advice and tell him whom to pay the tribute money, matters will mend : there will be no ill-feelings or rancour, no quarrels between them. But if I don't send for him and tender timely advice I would be considered to have put swords in their hands to fight, pushed ahead a burning ember in the fire-place already glowing" Salabath Jung would

appear to be a diplomatist as well. Without taking offence at the underlord's audacious speech, he takes the tribute-money, speaking within himself diplomatically but erring no doubt "the money that was in the corner has vainly come to us in and if we take it there will be much strife between them, but we will arbitrate and permit not things to take a serious turn. But if the parties do not care to listen to advice what that has to do with us? If Vijayarama Raj slays the other and takes his land we get our tribute, if Paupa Rao kills Vijayarama Raj and takes his land we get our tribute. In both cases we get our tribute; so what care we if one lives or the other dies. If we refuse to take the tribute money, we will not get a broken cowrie hereafter."

In the story, it is said, that the Golconda's Lord-paramount the Lord Nizam, came to Poosupati land, settled the differences that existed between the two rival houses, caused new Bobbili to be built and peopling it with Vellamas and Telagas expressly sent for from Rajamahendrawaram went back to Golconda. The King of Hyderabad who performed all these kind deeds to the son of Lord Runga Rao—if the story is to be believed—was Nizam Ali Khan. This was evidently after the death of Vengal Rao in 1765 when Venkata Kristnama by not being recognized came to Hyderabad and stayed there for a considerable time with the view to place his case before the Lord-paramount, and when it was found impossible to attract the attention of the Lord-paramount in that gay-court he looted the Nizam's Treasury that was being brought in from the mofussil, which had the desired effect of his being recognized: His Highness' attention was attracted to him and he was placed on the *dais* of Bobbili. This was evidently after the French influence waned or was no more, and the English obtained the Northern Circars themselves, the rights of zamindaris and affairs connected therewith being evidently left with the Lord Nizam and that is how, it would appear, the Bobbili Raja was recognized. But whatever it may be, advantage may be taken here to remark that it is the British that restored the old lands to Venkata Kristnama in 1801: the old lands that Vengal Rao was striving to get by the strength of his arms in his life time but could not. Bussy, it is said, having repented in sack-cloth and ashes of his having destroyed Bobbili and sent a whole race of warlike princes to premature graves, commanded patents to be prepared appointing

the little Runga Rao's son lord of the tracts which he offered his father in exchange for the districts of Bobbili, but it does not appear that the Bobbili house had obtained these lands or evinced a desire to possess them, though Vengal Rao, by the dint of his strength, obtained possession of Rajam and Cavita situate in Bobbili limits. It is His Highness the Nizam and the British however, that share the credit between themselves for doing good to the illustrious fallen house; the one putting Prince Chinna Runga Rao on the *dais* and the other for restoration of lands that was his patrimony withheld, which Vengal Rao strove to get but to no avail.

We are done with persons, now to incidents—Touching the Foundation of Bobbili. story of the hare (in the story) which is said to have repulsed the hounds and enjoyed immunity from the spears thrust at it on account of which, it is said, the Rajamanyapu lords of Rajamahendrawaram took a fancy for the place—where now stands Bobbili but which formerly was the Sher land—to build a fort and found a city, the Brahmins encouraging them in their enterprise by the Brahminical legendary explanation they have given and the same embodied, in the story, it may be mentioned, that it is a myth or a legend. Many royal or chief cities (Rome to quote an instance) have similar legends with reference to their foundations or first beginnings. One fine feature of the foundation of Bobbili, however, was that in the construction of the fort and the various buildings, though there was the cement made with the admixture of yolks of eggs and *ambili* or gruel made from raggy flour yet it is a relief to find that there was no sacrifice of human being such as that of the chief member of the much maligned caste (or the Depressed Class) or a pregnant woman being buried in the founds thereof that Douglas takes note of on the Bombay side.

After the laying of foundation stone, gods, godlings and goddesses, in harmony with the Hindu idea of idolworship, there must be existent at any rate images or stone-symbols on the spots where forts were to be built, so as to be hallowed by previous associations which as a matter of course filters through in the form of Brahmanical legends: in the absence of any such gods and goddesses—tutelary gods, and

goddesses, *ishtudentas* and *gramma* daivees must be set up. To these gods and goddesses previously existing or now made to exist or have a being, temples have been built—*Enpassant* the question arises whether idols should be worshipped and this Maharsi Dayanand Saraswatiswami has solved once for all that they should not be worshipped. But what have you to say, Gentle Reader to Sir John Birdwood's story of his friend Jagannath Shanshershett's worship of idols and the answer to his prayer or the grant of a boon, and what is the state, you think, of the morals of the idol-worshipping women of Nagpore, C. P. and the non idol-worshipping women of the Hyderabad Deccan: the one is chaste and the other is unchaste and a drunkard to boot. The writer is not a idol-worshipper nor does he bring the plea that idol-worship should be set up in preference to worship of Paramishwara or Lord of the Universe; but as toleration is the order of the age let people contemplate on the Supreme God or worship tangible objects as they please. The latter course would be regarded as Retrogression or going back to the times anterior to Rama, Buddha and the reformers, Shankaracharya, Ramanujacharya and Madhavacharya and Kabir—but the writer believes (though the belief might not count for anything) that it is for the good: he does not wish to see Nagpore women rendered unchaste by the abolition of idolatry neither does he dissuade Hyderabad women from pinning their faith on the Supreme Being when the aim being, among other objects, was to lead a chaste life. Again, it may be stated that what might be regarded a retrograde moment is but a panacea as it were in the embryonic stages of men for all contingent evils of sedition, disobedience to parents, etc.

In the story, it is stated, that Paupa Rao, who attached himself to his charger in the manner that Daisingh,   
 Horses, advice to. the hero of Gingee, attached himself to his with affection and love, advised his favourite Rocket-speed in kind and soothing language as to how he should conduct himself, when going to the royal court Hyderabad: not to be afraid of elephants, camels, and horses much more taller and stronger than himself that he would meet with, not to be afraid of red coats, black coats or at the glint of swords. Now it cannot be said rationally, that the horse understood the whole advice as fell from human lips, but it cannot be denied that it is an animal that has sense to adhere

himself to his master in weal and woe, though it is false theory to suppose that this endowment of wisdom has anything to do with the relationship he stands to man by reason of the scientist's proof that the human child's structure and man's structure, anatomically considered, are one and the same; other animals also exhibit love and attachment to their masters in weal and woe.

The story relates that Paupa Rao was offered a seat in the court by the Lord-paramount of Hyderabad, but he refused\* it on the ground that it was the pariah's chair and that he obtained no permission from his gods and goddesses to sit thereon. The caste-ridden Bobbili-ans, from the ruler to the subject downwards, and people of all other Hindu States and potentates thereof as well because of their countries' isolated situations were ceremonious to the highest degree; and it is small wonder that the Bobbili's Ruler should refuse to sit on a chair offered even by his Lord-paramount of Golconda.\* Such indeed was the state of things in 1757 and in years anterior to it, but the advance of time and civilisation swept away such ceremoniousness, the present Maharajah of Bobbili visited England and the continent three or four times and rubbed shoulders with Europeans who are as much *mlechha* as the *yavanus* of old, and moreover, named a child of his after His Imperial Majesty Victoria the Just† who, sorry to relate, did not live long.

On reaching the Lord-paramount court, Paupa Rao, the story states, performed some manœuvres; and the performance was not derogatory to his position as a Ruler; for exhibition of feats of strength in individuals from the ruler downwards was in harmony with the time. This is not looked in the light of a boast or glorification of strength.

In the story, it is stated, that midnight is the hour in which the French resolved to lay siege to Bobbili, but it is a fact that the place had come to be besieged from an early hour. Orme

\* The reason being that he was a beef-eater and as such was of no caste in the Hindu caste-recognition. The cow brought as much credit to the Hindus as it had brought discredit to the Europeans, Mahomedans and lower Hindus. Would to God that such species had not formed an item of brute creation.

† Now in the bourne from which none returns.



speaks of the siege as follows :—

The attack commenced at day break on the 24th January (1757) with the field pieces against the four towers; and the defenders, lest fire might catch the thatch of the ramparts, had pulled it down. By 9 o'clock, several of the battlements were broken, when all the leading parties of the 4 divisions advanced at the same time, with scaling ladders; but, after much endeavour for an hour, not a man had been able to get over the parapet; and many had fallen wounded; other parties followed with as little success; until we were so fatigued, that cessation was ordered, during which the field pieces having beaten down more of the parapet, gave the second attack more advantage; but the ardour of the defence increased with the danger, the garrison fought with the indignant ferocity of wild beasts defending the den and families, several of them stood as in defiance, on the top of battlement and undaunted to grapple with the first ascendants hoping with them to twist the ladders down, and then failing stabbed with their lances but being wholly exposed themselves were easily shot down by men from the rear of the escalade. The assailants admired, for no European had ever seen such excess of courage in the natives of Hindustan, and constantly offered quarter which was always answered by the menace or intention of death: not a man had gained the rampart at 2 o'clock in the afternoon when another cessation of the attack commenced; on which Runga Rao assembled the principal men, told them there were no hopes of maintaining the fort and that it was immediately necessary to preserve the wives and children from the violation of Europeans and the more ignominious authority of Vijayarama Raj. A number called without distinction were allotted to the work: they proceeded every man with a torch in his hand and a poignard to the habitation in the middle of the fort to which they set fire indiscriminately plying the flame with straw prepared with pitch and brimstone .....

.....Mr. Law who commanded one of the divisions observed, whilst looking at the conflagration, that the number of the defenders was considerably diminished, advanced again the attack: after several ladders had failed, a few grenadiers got over the parapet and maintained their footing in the tower until none secured the possession. Runga Rao hastening to the defence of the tower was in the instant killed by a musket-ball. His fall

increased, if possible, the desperation of his friends; who crowding to arrange his death, left the other parts of the ramparts bare; and the other division of the French troops, having advanced likewise to the respective attacks, now on all sides got over the parapet without opposition: nevertheless none of the defenders quitted their posts or would accept quarter, but each fell advancing against, or struggling with an antagonist; and even when fallen, and in the agony, would resign his poignard only to death. The slaughter of the conflict being completed, another much more dreadful, presented itself in the area below, the transport of victory lost all its joy: all gazed on one another with silent astonishment and remorse, and the fiercest could not refuse a tear to the deplorable destruction spread before them.....

In the story there are constant references to bribes Vijaya-

*Bribes.*

rama Raj gave Bussy a bribe of 12 lakhs of rupees; but the Vellamas, being a warlike race, had high ideas of honour, and knew what a grievous sin bribe-giving and bribe-receiving was: they never, in a flattering manner, offered it to gain their private ends. When Dharma Rao asked of Lord Runga Rao what line of conduct to pursue in the event of Hyder Jung asking for a bribe, the latter vehemently put the counter-question whether he was a Vellama or Mala to ask that question. With the counter-question he gave the reply that a poignard should be run through the man without any ado, adding that bribes were never permissible among the Vellama people. And the reader will remember of the highly cutting reply that Hyder Jung got from Dharma Rao when he pressed for a bribe; and he will further remember of Dharma Rao's speaking to Dubash Lakshmiah on the subject, that he would be agreeable to the grant of presents but bribes never, adding that the very mention of it would sting the Vellama into rage for Bobbili's wealth was not to be obtained in illegitimate manner for it has the potency that it won't burn in fire neither will it sink in water, and it may be moralised in concluding what a glorious state of things would be for the world if the baneful and scandalous practice of nefarious granting and accepting bribes be banished for ever from human society. Let those in high and low places here and elsewhere, who accepted or given bribes as do no such unworthy act more, for it is not commanded by God nor approved of by man.

In the story, it is stated, that during rights a realistic scene is presented in old Bobbili and on the battle ground, of the events of the siege of 1757.

Phenomenon.

In corroboration of the above phenomenon it may be stated of reacting of massacre of men in the Kaiser bagh Lucknow in 1857 by soldiers as seen by a Bengali gentleman and reported to the writer by an old classmate of his some years ago. Dr. Macaulay in his "Grey Hawk" gives the reacting of quarrel and murder (what is known as the legend of the murder of two brothers) of two brothers as seen by Mr. Tanner, the naturalised Red Indian.

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# Glossary.

- \* T.—Telugu.
- † H.—Hindustani.
- ‡ S.—Sanskrit.

## A.

- Achintaloo—T\* Husked rice coloured in turmeric and thrown on the heads of the bridal pair. Turmeric colour is a sign of auspiciousness.
- Allah—H. God.
- Ambili—T. Cooked rice made into gruel, and wheaten flour added thereto while being cooked.
- Arka grass—T. A kind of rank grass.
- Aurath—H. A Woman.

## B.

- Babbaji—H. A religious mendicant.
- Bachanna pots—T. Sacred pots on a temple.
- Bairi Komati—T. A section of the Komaties, the grocer caste of India.
- Balchi koora—T. A kind of greens.
- Banchote—H. An abusive term meaning, a sister-abuser.
- Basingaloo—T. Tinsel coronets of bridegroom and bride during marriage.
- Beeda—H. A little packet consisting of betel leaves, areca nut, lime, catechu and cardamom.
- Bhagwantha—T. God.
- Bhoyalu—T. Palanquin bearer's caste.
- Bhyragi—H. A religious mendicant.
- Bhuja keertooloo—T. Ornaments for the arms from the shoulders down to the elbows.

## C.

- Challa dugdee jayaseeloo—T. A kind of game-cocks.
- Chanootha kadaka chanootha—T. Opening lines of a woman's ditty.

C.—*contd.*

- Chatrapu rallu—T. A kind of balls of stone or iron for guns.  
 Chatreeloo—T. A kind of game cocks.  
 Chenchoo—T. One of the nomadic races of India.  
 Choori lao—H. Bring the knife.  
 Chowki—H. A Police out-post.  
 Chunam—Shellac-lime.  
 Congee or Gunjee—T. Gruel.  
 Cowrie—H. *Cypraea moneta*.  
 Camunara—T. Of potter caste.

## D.

- Dagdeeloo dagdalla—T. A kind of game cocks.  
 Darja—T. A kind of balls of stone or iron for guns.  
 • Daru.—H. Liquor, arrack.  
 Debili sokooloo—T. A kind of game cocks.  
 Deko—H. Look.  
 Dhall—H. A kind of vetch.  
 Dharma.—H. Rules (religious) inculcating virtue duty, etc.  
 Dhoti—H. Hindu costume for men.  
 Dubash or Dobash—H. & T. One who knows two languages, an interpreter.

## G.

- Gadiya—T. A Hindu sub-division of time—24 minutes.  
 Galiturambu mailu turambu—T. A horse as nimble as the clouds.  
 Golla—T. The milk man's guild.  
 Gona kapuloo—T. A section of the Sudra caste of India.  
 Gopalaswamy—T. A Hindu God.  
 Gosai, gosain—H. A religious mendicant, a begging friar.  
 Govinda—T. A Hindu God.  
 Gowlun—H. A female milk-vendor.  
 Guru—T. A Hindu religious teacher.

## H.

Hanumanthu rayudu or Hanuman, the Epic Hero Rama's leader of the monkey corps.

## J.

Jaghir—H. and T. A fief.

Jajai—T. A long gun discharged from the camel's back.

Jolai—T. A mendicant's religious bag for receiving doles of rice, etc.

## K.

Kamma—T. One of the sub-divisions of Sudra caste of India.

Kanchu—T. Strong as bell-metal.

Kankanaloo—T. Bracelets.

Kazi—H. A Mohamedan priest.

Kilkoo—T. A kind of bird reared in houses.

Khillut—H. A fine suite of dress, often a present from a king.

Kodikathoolu—T. A kind of weapons planted in the ground.

Koel or Kokila—T. A favourite song-bird.

Koigoora—T. A kind of greens.

Kolhattam—T. A play with rods handled in both hands while moving circularly.

Komati—T. The grocer caste of India.

Koran—H. Mahomedans' chief religious book.

Kothapetta—T. A new street.

Kowlookongaloo—T. A kind of cranes.

Kulgi—H. An insignia of royal greatness.

## L.

Lakh—H. A hundred thousand.

Latials—H. Persons who carry bamboo-sticks for fighting purposes or for defence.

**M.**

- Mailu turambu, gali turambu—T. A horse as fleet as wind.  
 Mala—T. A Pariah or one low in the Hindu social scale.  
 Maro—H. Strike, kill. Mara—struck (past tense).  
 Mlechha—S. Unholy.  
 Mummai—H. People strongly built, short and black in colour.  
 Murghi margaya—H. The cock is dead.  
 Mysammah, Bangari—T. A Hindu goddess, a gramma devi,  
*i.e.*, a local goddess.

**N.**

- Narayanamoorthi—T. Narayana (God), literally an image of  
 Narayana.  
 Numja—T. A kind of balls of stone or iron for guns.

**P.**

- Paleti Rungesha—T. Protector Lord Runga.  
 Pallaira—T. A flower (Indian caltrop).  
 Palliam—T. A small village, a hamlet.  
 Pakshi Vahana—T. He (deity) who has a bird to carry him.  
 Paran—T. Some kind of spear of the Bobbilians.  
 Pani—H. Water.  
 Parki pittaloo—T. A kind of birds.  
 Patalapu—T. Of the Military force.  
 Peepul—H. Banyan tree. *Ficus religiosa*.  
 Pigli—T. A kind of bird reared in houses.  
 Pilla—T. A girl.  
 Pooraba Karta—T. A particular part of rainy season.  
 Puggries—H. Head-dress.  
 Pulla—T. A kind of balls of stone or iron for guns.  
 Pydi kathooloo—T. Small defensive weapons with horn  
 handles.

**R.**

**Raggi**—T. Indian millet.

**Raghupati, Raghunandana, Ranava Raghurama**—T. Names of Hindu God.

**Raikagoondloo**—T. A kind of balls of stone or iron for guns.

**Raila**—T. A flower. (Indian Lahurnam).

**Rajhansa**—S. Swans.

**Ranagadda**—T. A battle-ground.

**Ranganathswamy**—A Hindu God. There is a famous temple dedicated to him at Srirangam in the Trichinopoly district.

**Ravugadda**—T. Land in which one never loses a battle.

**Rayam or Rhye**—T. A destruction or forfeiture.

**S.**

**Sari**—H. Indian women's costume.

**Shama**—T. A kind of vegetable.

**Shastras**—S. Hindu books of science.

**Shayapu daigaloo**—T. Beautiful hawks.

**Sherland**, Land of Nawab Sher Mohamed Khan, Sher meaning a tiger (a cognomen.)

**Sonkankula dagdeeloo**—T. A kind of game cocks.

**Sowari**—T. A horseman ahead of a procession.

**T.**

**Tamasha**—H. Fun—from a Hindustani word Tamasa corrupted into Telugu as Tamash, or Tamasha.

**Tali**—T. An emblem of gold of the size of an English half sovereign with the tradent marks of Vishnu, the disc and the conch-shell thereon tied to the neck of the bridegroom on the Thalambraloo day.

**Thalambraloo**—T. Chief ceremony of a Hindu marriage in which the Tali is tied and the marriage covenant ratified.

**Tulsennah earrings**—T. A kind of Hindu earrings for men.

**Telagas**—T. A section of the Sudra caste.

**Turaka**—T. A Mahomedan (derived from Turk).



## V.

- Vadibaloo-giunay—T. A small silver-porringer with sacred rice in the lap of a bride during marriage.
- Vara—T. A silver coin worth Rs. 3-8-0 or 4 shillings and eight pence in English money at the present rate of exchange.
- Vontirekka vairagia chatreeloo—T. A kind of game cocks.
- Vedas—S. Hindu religious books.

## Y.

- Yavanas—S. Mahomedans or Grecians.

- Anagondy—Close to the old Vijianaggar or the modern Hampi close to Bellary in the Madras Presidency.
- Gingee—A celebrated stronghold in the south Arcot district of the Madras Presidency.
- Korekonda—Situate in the Vijianagaram district.
- Poosipat—The land of people having the house-name (family-name) of Poosipati or of the family or stock of Poosipati.
- Saidabad—A locality in Hyderabad (Deccan) covered with low range of hills.
- Charminar—The building with the four minarets from which four roads branch out is an interesting sight of Hyderabad (Deccan). It was a Mahomedan college of olden times.

## ERRATA.

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Page vii line 29 for 'Angraze Bahadur badai door sai ayai  
Janadiyai badai badai tannai.'

The valiant English have come from remete distance and set  
up big, very big, settlements (Translation) read  
'Angraji Bahadur bada mardanai  
Rajki mulkomai jamadiyai tannai.'

The renowned Englishmen are very brave and have con-  
solidated the settlements where they ruled.

Page	ix	line	1	for 'the mother' read 'Mother.'
"	ix	"	14	" 'soaring not' read 'not soaring.'
"	ix	"	25	" 'create' read 'evoke.'
"	ix	"	28	" 'cemfortable' read 'comfortable.'
"	ix	"	34	" 'exuberanthy' read 'exuberantly.'
"	ix	"	36	" 'rivetted' read 'riveted.'
"	x	"	2	" 'goes' read 'go.'
"	x	"	10	" 'Dandandasari' read 'Dandadasari.'
"	x	"	18	" 'legend' read 'legend fame.'
"	x	"	25	" 'aris' read 'avis.'
"	x	"	25	" 'plesaure' read 'pleasure.'
"	x	"	30	" 'aris' read 'avis.'
"	x	"	35	" 'give' read 'for make him give.'
"	x	"	38	" 'Regveda' read 'Rigveda.'
"	xi	"	1	" 'composing' read 'writing.'
"	xi	"	35	" 'does' read 'does show.'
"	xii	"	8	" 'shamefnl' read 'shameful.'
"	xiii	"	35	" 'Pedyrajudu' read 'Peddarayudu.'
"	xvi	<sup>foot note</sup> line	1	" 'Introduction' read 'Foreword.'
"	xviii	"	39	" 'Tura' read 'Kulgi.'
"	xxi	"	29	" 'lest' read 'least.'
"	xxiv	line	3	" 'Annada' read 'Ananda.'
"	xxiv	"	23	" 'blood mark' read 'blood-marks.'
"	xxvi	"	23	" 'Dubbash' read 'Dubash.'
"	2	"	33	" 'Reghunama' read 'Raghurama.'
"	5	"	6	" 'Hanamata' read 'Hanamantha.'
"	18	"	27	" 'impetuos' read 'impetuous'

Page	15	line	21	for 'Puapa' read 'Paupa.'
"	21	"	16	" 'and' read 'they.'
"	26	"	4	" 'seeloo' read 'deeloo.'
"	26	"	4	" 'Rakklaini' read 'Rakkalaini.'
"	27	"	21	" 'sookooloo' read 'sokooloo.'
"	30	"	16	" 'Puapa' read 'Paupa.'
"	32	"	32	" 'horses' read 'horse'
"	43	"	16	" 'kolhahatam' read 'kolhatam.'
"	45	"	22	" 'not much' read 'not so much.'
"	48	"	12	" 'a sash' read 'sashes.'
"	48	"	27	" 'Bachanna' read 'Kachanna.'
"	48	"	32	" 'turned' read 'seemed to turn.'
"	56	Foot note line	2	" 'catecu' read 'catechu.'
"	56	"	14	" 'your' read 'you.'
"	56	"	21	" 'moslem's possessor' read 'moslem-possessor.'
"	58	"	14	" 'them' read 'it.'
"	61	line	15	" 'unripe' read 'unripe.'
"	61	"	22	" 'a' read 'as.'
"	68	"	15	" 'topaz' read 'topazes.'
"	68	"	21	" 'virture' read 'virtue.'
"	71	"	20	" 'praise to' read 'praise be to.'
"	77	"	14	" 'aud' read 'and.'
"	77	"	15	" 'thee' read 'to them.'
"	78	"	30	" 'contiguons' read 'contiguous.'
"	82	"	8	" 'by' read 'in.'
"	83	"	32	" 'of' read 'at.'
"	83	"	32	" 'himself' read 'that he thought.'
"	86	"	26	" 'calthrop' read 'caltrop.'
"	88	"	30	" 'calthrop' read 'caltrop.'
"	90	"	29	" 'facetions' read 'facetious.'
"	92	"	31	" 'at' read 'to.'
"	94	"	25	" 'cutting' read 'stoppage.'
"	94	"	33	" 'decendent' read 'descendant.'
"	95	"	34	" 'occassion' read 'occasion.'
"	96	"	2	" 'become' read 'became.'
"	98	"	6	" 'picking' read 'with the view to pick.'
"	98	"	25	" 'is' read 'was.'
"	101	"	27	" 'persuasious' read 'persuasion.'
"	102	"	10	" 'earthern' read 'earthben.'

Page	102	line	35	for 'them' read 'him.'
"	103	"	21	" 'puncititicious' read 'punctilious.'
"	105	"	36	" 'off' read 'of.'
"	106	"	7	" 'off' read 'of.'
"	107	"	5	" 'when' read 'where.'
"	107	"	18	" 'calthrop' read 'caltrop.'
"	107	"	30	" 'medeley' read 'medley.'
"	108	"	16	" 'redicule' read 'ridicule.'
"	109	"	18	" 'across' read 'come across.'
"	109	"	34	" 'forgotton' read 'forgotten.'
"	110	"	34	" 'have' read 'have not.'
"	110	"	37	" 'slightly' read 'stylishly.'
"	114	"	27	" 'raggy' read 'raggi.'
"	114	"	33	" 'there' read 'it should be supposed.'
"	115	"	7	" 'Shaashershett' read 'Shankharshett.'
"	116	"	4	" 'man's' read 'horses.'
"	116	"	21	" 'yavanas' read 'yuvanas.'
"	117	"	16	" 'endevoured' read 'endeavoured.'
"	117	"	38	" 'tie' read 'to.'
"	118	"	31	" 'illegitimate' read 'unlawful.'



